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CHRONICLE.

THERE is, we regret to hear, little or no change in Lord Randolph Churchill's condition. Rest and quiet and perfect nursing did away with the ill-effects of his long journey from the South of France. He has not lost any of the ground thus recovered; but he has not made much further progress. He is intermittently conscious; his weakness, however, is very great, and the symptoms of partial paralysis are still present. There is no prospect, we fear, of his restoration to health.

The list of New Year honours is worth scanning. It will be noticed first of all that it contains no peerages: is Lord Rosebery at length trying to be consistent? His selections, we suppose, are to be explained by his necessities. Mr. Rhodes, who has succeeded in enriching himself in various mining and other speculations, and is the Chairman of a Chartered Company which long ago spent all its capital and which has not yet paid a dividend, has been made a Privy Councillor, in the hope, we presume, that he will again contribute to the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Then follow the usual honours to successful linen-draper, wool-merchants, contractors, &c. A baronetcy has been conferred on Mr. George Newnes, who may rightly feel hurt at being so inadequately rewarded for the dissemination of such high-class literature as *Tit-Bits*, the *Strand Magazine*, the *Million*, &c. Is it too late, or might not Lord Rosebery reconsider his list and elevate Mr. Newnes to the peerage under the title of Baron Newnes of *Tit-Bits*? Mr. Pearce-Edgumbe is given a baronetcy, apparently because he failed to become the Radical member for South Dorset, and Mr. Israel Hart, because he is utterly unknown outside Leicester and has been four times Mayor of that town. Among the new knights, the best known is Mr. Ilbert, who has probably received the honour as a reward for his incompetent draughting of Parliamentary bills, and for his framing of a measure which, had it passed through Parliament, would have placed every Englishman in India at the mercy of Baboo magistrates. Our political honour-lists badly need reform. Honours should be conferred on men who have benefited their country, and not merely themselves.

The Revenue Returns issued on the last day of 1894 must have been a very pleasant New Year's salutation for Sir William Harcourt. During the past quarter the net increase in the amount paid into the national exchequer was £1,240,600, and the increase for the whole three quarters of the financial year amounts to £2,869,788. The items by which these totals are reached are as satisfactory as the totals themselves,

and furnish an additional proof that the stagnation of the past three years is at last at an end. Chancellors of the Exchequer are not apt to make exaggerated estimates of future revenue; but Sir William Harcourt can hardly have expected that the receipts for three quarters of the year under three of the most important headings—Customs, Excise, and Stamps—would bring him in as much as the sum which he told the House of Commons to regard as the whole year's income. In business circles the revival in speculation and enterprise during the last few weeks has been very marked. It seems certain that people have grown tired of doing nothing with their money, and that the vast amounts kept almost idle during '93 and '94 are now coming out of their hiding places. A good part of this stored wealth will doubtless find its way into the pockets of the company promoters.

Mr. J. "Havelock" Wilson, M.P. (there seems to be some doubt about one of his Christian names) must not be allowed to escape the charge of forging a circular, brought against him by Mr. Laws, the general manager of the Shipping Federation. Mr. Laws has deliberately declared that the alleged circular is a fabrication and forgery, and that "Wilson, well knowing its falsity, caused it to be circulated." Mr. Wilson, after waiting nine days, addressed a short letter to the *Times*, in which he denied that any such circular was ever prepared or issued by him or by his instructions, and he repudiated "the statements of Mr. Laws as a gross and shameful libel." Mr. Wilson, it appears, had to control his "first impulse" to enter an action for libel against Mr. Laws, because "such an action against a wealthy body like the Shipping Federation would require at least some £500 or £600. I have therefore decided to reply to Mr. Laws for the present, and to enter an action for libel as soon as I have the means to do so." As Mr. Wilson is no doubt confident of his innocence of the charge of the forgery brought against him, he should not let himself be so easily baulked of his "first impulse." Surely he will find no difficulty in raising among his friends the small amount of money necessary for beginning proceedings.

The revolt of the ratepayers against increasing rates due to outdoor relief provided by the Progressives, has had the result of checking expenditure and finally of increasing the representation of Moderates in the Vestries and on the Boards of Guardians. Now the revolt of the ratepayers against the dues levied by the County Council is becoming vocal. A Mr. Turner, of St. Luke's, Chelsea, shows that the County Council rate of that parish for the half year ending Lady-day 1892 was £16,879, while for the half year ending Lady-day 1895, it is £21,819.

This rise in the rates of over 30 per cent. in three years will, we imagine, be sufficient to bring Londoners to the polls in the approaching County Council elections, and so insure a Conservative majority in that body who will not sanction heedless extravagance. There is no argument the Englishman appreciates so much as the one addressed to his pocket.

Miss Frances Mary Buss was a notable worker in the cause of feminine education, and it was right and proper, that a distinguished company of her fellow-labourers in that field, of persons interested in educational affairs, and of old pupils and colleagues, should gather together to pay the last tribute of affection and respect at her funeral. It would be foolish, however, to let all the vague sentiment occasioned by her death pass by without a word of honest criticism of her work. Miss Buss began life by keeping a middle-class private school; the Commission of 1864 considered the method and quality of the instruction provided therein to be much better than in most schools of the kind, and in the fulness of time she obtained the support of a City company and the Charity Commissioners, with the result that the North London Collegiate and the Camden Schools were turned into public institutions. It is perfectly true that the influence of her work "stretched far beyond the boundaries of her own two schools," as the *Times* says; but perhaps there has been as much loss as gain in this. The movement for founding High Schools for girls spread, and Miss Buss's establishments were the models; the consequence is that a high school education only fits a girl to be a high school teacher—and she could scarcely choose a worse calling.

There are some important facts regarding the population of London to be gleaned from the last County Council Red Book. Between 1881 and 1891 there was for the first time a lower percentage of increase of population in London than in the rest of the country, the rate being 10.4 compared with 11.9. This is said to be due to the fact that inner London is now being used not so much as a place of residence as for business purposes. The number of Scotch remains at about the same proportion as in 1861, the number of Irish has decreased, whilst the foreigners (chiefly Poles and Russians) have increased. We are not surprised to read that the death-rate for 1893 was 22.71, compared with 21.99 in 1892, when it appears that at the last census 214,828 persons were living in 56,622 one-room tenements, or about four in a room; 330,238 persons in 54,872 two-room tenements, or three in a room; 192,849 in 24,524 three-room tenements, or nearly three in a room; and 92,467 in 9495 four-room tenements, or, again, nearly three in a room. This means that 20 per cent. of the whole population of London were living in overcrowded dwellings.

Tolstoy has written a long letter to the *Daily Chronicle* to clear himself of the charge of being an Anarchist. He does not seek to abolish any form of Government; he simply refuses to have anything to do with it. Tolstoy cannot understand why all other good and earnest Christians do not behave in a similar fashion. A man with an immortal soul has only to tend it carefully during his earthly pilgrimage; and if every one does this, Governments will disappear of themselves. To those who reply that every one does not, and that there will be more misery and injustice in the world if authority is wielded by the bad only, Tolstoy remarks that that does not concern the good. They have their own souls to save, and one's duty to God does not, in the Tolstoyan Christianity, appear to include one's duty to one's neighbour. It is Tolstoy's misfortune, however, to be unable to propagate his curiously selfish doctrine without violating it in the very act of so doing. If he really believed in what he is now advocating, he obviously would not be writing long letters to the daily press. The man who takes precious moments from the contemplation of things spiritual in order to influence his fellow men, is surely just as criminal, from the Tolstoyan standpoint, as the man who tries to prevent children being ill-treated or industrious weaklings becoming the prey of the idle strong. Undoubtedly journalism is as earthly as politics.

Always provided he does not hurt anybody else, there is no reason why Sir Henry Howorth should not please himself by interfering in what does not concern him. Just now he is championing French susceptibilities in the *Times*. He is very anxious that Englishmen should not take military service under the Malagasy Government. But the Malagasys may have susceptibilities too, and they may ask why Sir Henry Howorth has said nothing of the French Foreign Legion which, it is officially announced, will form a part of the French invading force. The Foreign Legion consists entirely of foreign volunteers, just as a Malagasy Foreign Legion would.

The island of Kolguef does not present many attractive features to the ordinary globe-trotter. Mr. Trevor Battye, it will be remembered, was almost given up for lost in this land of frozen gullies and treacherous bogs. His exploration, however, has been fruitful in interesting details regarding its inhabitants, the Samoyedes, and the geography of the country. The natives use tents of poles covered with wood and sealskin, with reindeer couches as a substitute for chairs and beds. Their night-dress is so stiff that it is difficult, he says, to tell which are the clothes and which the sleepers. The women and girls cook the regulation three meals a day of the Samoyede, and strike the tents and pack the sledges whenever there is a move. When a Samoyede girl is betrothed, she leaves her father's home and goes to that of her sweetheart, to return presently with a sack containing pieces of cotton, mouldy bread, and other symbolic gifts. The father then drives his reindeer over to the abode of his daughter's betrothed, that the father of the betrothed man may select a dowry from the herd. As for the island itself, Mr. Trevor Battye affirms that it lies in a very shallow sea, and has been formed by the water. He found inland ridges, evidently thrown up by the water of the sea or a great river. Besides all this he has supplied a map of the interior of Kolguef, hitherto unknown except to the Samoyedes. Two new rivers, one the Pesanka, the largest in the island, and two large lakes, are among the more important of his discoveries.

Not content with the divine right of creating and dismissing Imperial Chancellors at his will and pleasure, the German Emperor seems lately to have been meddling or muddling in the finances of the Empire. To judge by results, his infallibility in matters of finance is open to question. Not long ago Berlin was only second to London as a European business centre; but if what we now hear is true, the excessive taxation is rapidly driving the big Stock Exchange transactions to London, Paris, and other financial centres which have the good fortune not to be controlled by a divinely appointed emperor. At least this is Stock Exchange opinion not only in the capital on the Spree but also in Frankfort.

The outrages in Armenia will probably have the effect of freeing that province from Turkish misrule; but who shall free us from Canon MacColl and his terrible letters? We have kept silence for weeks under an infliction comparable only to Venetian mosquitoes in midsummer. But our patience broke down when we found another interminable screed from him in the *Times* of Wednesday. It is in reply to a Mr. Rafiuddin Ahmad; and the Rev. Canon, after promising a clear statement of facts, begins: "The fact is, your correspondent knows nothing of the Sacred Law of Islam as a political system." After this polite greeting comes a wearisome account of the fearful insults to which a Christian is exposed under the Turkish Code: "When a Christian dies he is said, in official language, to have been damned"; just as if a Moslem living in England would not in ordinary intercourse run the risk of being so insulted during his life. The Canon then objects to Mr. Ahmad's "courteous language," and, warming to his work, declares, for the second time, "your Moslem correspondent is entirely ignorant of the Sacred Law both in theory and practice." It is manifest that the Rev. Canon's knowledge of the Sacred Law of Christendom is confined to the letter of it.

MR. GLADSTONE AS ARCHBISHOP.

MR. GLADSTONE'S latest performance reminds us of the re-appearance of a well-graced actor in a part which especially suits his personality. A deputation of Armenian gentlemen resident in London and in Paris used the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday to present a silver-gilt chalice to Hawarden Parish Church as "a memorial of Mr. Gladstone's sympathy with and assistance to the Armenian people." Of course in return Mr. Gladstone "addressed the deputation," and his address was one of the most peculiar and characteristic acts of his life. It was said of Burke that as he grew older he became year by year more conservative. It may be said of Mr. Gladstone that as he grows older he becomes more impassioned and less able to control himself. He gives himself wholly to the cause in which he is interested, and the outrages and murders said to have been perpetrated upon the Armenian Christians have manifestly stirred him to the depths. Now under such circumstances a great statesman, or even a great politician, would have been careful how he spoke; he would have weighed each word and said less than he meant. Russia is not backward at championing Christians against the Turks, and a flame could easily be kindled in Armenia which might devastate two continents before finally burning itself out. And this carefulness is peculiarly incumbent upon a politician who speaks before the facts are conclusively proved, and who has "full confidence," as Mr. Gladstone professes himself to have, "that the Government of the Queen will do its duty." But no such considerations could restrain our ex-Premier. He first recalled how, eighteen years ago, he took "an active part with regard to other outrages, which first came up [*sic*] in the shape of rumours, but were afterwards too horribly verified, in Bulgaria"; he then went on to reflect proudly that the Turks did go out of Bulgaria, "bag and baggage," in consequence chiefly of his activity, and not out of Bulgaria only. He declares himself consistent in again attacking the Turk, and it must be admitted that he used no stronger words in 1876 on Blackheath than he now uses in condemning a friendly Government whose dominions we are pledged to protect. No conditional clause can alter the fact that he speaks of the Government of the Sultan as a "disgrace, in the first place to Mahomet the Prophet, whom it professes to follow . . . a disgrace to civilization at large, and . . . a curse to mankind."

This language is unwise enough in all conscience and imprudent enough, but it does not paint the man so clearly as does the remarkable assertion that "if the scenes and abominations of 1876 in Bulgaria have been repeated in 1894 in Armenia . . . it is time that one general shout of execration directed against deeds of wickedness should rise from outraged humanity and should force itself into the ears of the Sultan of Turkey and make him sensible, if anything can make him sensible, of the madness of such a course. . . . And do not let me be told, that one nation has no authority over another. Every nation, and if need be every human being, has authority on behalf of humanity and of justice." This declaration is not wise, or prudent, or statesmanlike; there must be many who will consider it foolish with that exceeding folly which verges on criminality; but it is magnificent, and contains, we think, the secret of Mr. Gladstone's life-long popularity. As a moral influence no other Englishman of his time has equalled him. And perhaps the sympathy for suffering humanity which has done so many wonderful things, may yet come to stand as the most significant and important movement of this century, and may thus confer on Mr. Gladstone a brighter and more enduring lease of fame than could have been gained by his intellectual gifts or controversial ability. From time to time he appears to Englishmen as a sort of embodied conscience. He began his career by condemning Bomba and, with astounding generosity, gave the Ionian Islands back to Greece. In his later middle age he instituted arbitration with the United States over the Alabama affair, and thus did much to promote the cause of international Peace. And in his old age he thunders against the Turk, and may thus possibly bring about a feeling of amity between England and Russia

which the Crimean war did so much needlessly to disturb.

Mr. Gladstone has been, perhaps, the greatest moral influence of his time, and that is why we say he should have been an Archbishop. He belongs to the Schoolmen as a controversialist and a scholar. The Archpriest of the Armenian Congregation in London told him that the Armenian Church was "the oldest Christian Church, having been constituted definitely as far back as the year 302." Forthwith Mr. Gladstone answered: "I will not dispute with you that honour, but the Church of this country is very little behind you, because, if I remember right, there were three British Bishops whose names are recorded as present at a General Council which was held in France in the year 310." Could any Archbishop have displayed more pertinent learning or shown doubt more courteously.

It may be regretted that the Archbishops of our Church seldom or never exhibit Mr. Gladstone's higher qualities. Learning and courtesy, it is true, they sometimes show, and their manners are seldom lacking in a certain dignity that might be mistaken for pride. But they seldom think it advisable to throw in their lot with the wretched, whether of their own or any other race, or to take part with the oppressed as against the oppressors. The generous enthusiasm which Mr. Gladstone puts at the service of human misery, his passionate revolt against wrongdoing, appear to be unshared by the Princes of the Church. It was not Archbishop or Bishop, but simply Mr. Waugh, who by himself founded and carried on to success the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose work is more largely benevolent and more free from taint of evil than that of any other society established in our time. The only real danger of the Church of England will be found in its want of sympathy, in a certain cold formalism. Had Mr. Gladstone been one of her Archbishops this charge could never have been made. It would have been better for the Church and for the country, and better, we think, for Mr. Gladstone himself, had he been Primate instead of Premier. His personal sympathies would then have found fitting outlet; his want of judgment and self-control would have been forgiven on account of his moral fervour; the superficiality of his intellect would have been lost sight of when contrasted with the nobility of his character; his quibblings would have been ascribed to precedent; his very extravagance of language might have counted as a merit had it been used only in unselfish causes; and his learning, courtesies, and charm would have seemed additional graces in a saintly life. Poet he might have been had his emotions been deeper and his intellect larger: Primate he should have been: Premier he was.

AN APPEAL TO LORD ROSEBERY.

WHATEVER Lord Rosebery may be in the Cabinet, in England he is Prime Minister; and we look to him accordingly. Of course no sensible and generous mind forgets that though he cannot divest himself of responsibility in the first, second, and third degree for all the devices and performances of his Government, he has to work with certain departmental Secretaries of State who are accustomed to a great deal of independence. But for some part of the conduct of public affairs we look past the departments and straight to the Prime Minister; having every right to do so. There is even a special right when Lord Rosebery is the Minister, and when there is reason to be solicitous for the honour of England as an Imperial Power. For were the question put to Lord Rosebery, "How did you come to be Prime Minister?" he would not be able to reply, "Because I make clever speeches," or "Because I am an influential man in Scotland." Nothing of that sort could he say that would be an answer; and nothing of that sort *would* he say. For he knows, as we all know, that what gave him political distinction and made him a power was his assertion of a resolute solicitude for the safety, dignity, and honour of the Greater Britain. He was the one Radical of mark who proclaimed a delight in the greatness and glory of this little island, and an eagerness to be known as an Imperialist. It was this, and the general

belief that as Foreign Secretary he had steadily upheld the prestige of the Empire, that made Lord Rosebery Prime Minister.

Not only, then, because it is strictly the Prime Minister's business, but also because the Prime Minister is Lord Rosebery, we ask him what we are to think of the recent dealings of the Government in Downing Street with the Government in India. It is not a question of any Mr. Fowler. Upon no Mr. Fowler can the responsibility be cast of subordinating the Government of India, the propriety and even the necessity of its fiscal arrangements, its convictions of its duty to the people, its honour and authority in the eyes of the people, to the meanest exigencies of party competition at home. It is too great a matter. The presumption must be that no Mr. Fowler would venture on so desperate a remedy for dwindling party votes in England without consulting the Cabinet in general or his chief in particular. The conduct of the Home Government in this worse than unfortunate affair of the Indian import tax on cottons cannot be explained by the mistake of ignorance, neither as the political offence of a single Minister working in the dark. The inveteracy of the deficit which compelled the Indian Government to include Manchester goods in a list of dutiable articles was as well known in London as in Calcutta. It was not for fun that the Viceroy's Government proposed that 5 per cent. impost among others, nor was it with any protectionist design, but under the pressure of sheer poverty, thoroughly well explained to Her Majesty's Secretary of State at the India Office. And when that tax was specially disallowed by the India Office, the reason of its disallowance was as well known in Calcutta as in London, in Bombay as well as in Manchester.

Votes! No sooner was the proposed 5 per cent. import duty heard of than the Lancashire manufacturers carefully informed the India Office, through the customary channels, that it might consider the whole Lancashire vote in danger. The cotton interest in certain counties is of enormous weight at election time; upon the whole, it is Liberal; and at the threat of revolt all the anxious calculations and deliberations of the Indian Government were with equal if dissimilar calculation totally upset. The duty would not be permitted. So far, it is almost an old story now, but the end of it is not yet. The decision of the Home Government, and the too palpable inspiration of it, gave rise to a strong and angry agitation in India; and the Government could only face the agitators with a silent conviction that they were right. Viceroy and council could but agree that the veto of the Home Government in the matter would be injudicious, even unjust, were it not also dishonouring; which is a very pretty position for a Viceregal Government in a dependency like India! And while the agitation could not be put down, the demands upon the Indian Treasury became still more importunate; and no doubt the private representations of the Government of India to the Government in Lord Tweedmouth's pocket became more importunate too. The India Office, compelled to take second thoughts by what it ought to have foreseen, relented; but only on a compromise satisfactory to the Manchester goods trade and conservative of the Lancashire vote. British fine-quality goods imported into India might be taxed; but on condition that native mill-owners who competed in the native markets with similar yarns and fabrics paid an excise duty of like amount. Now we do not say that, in principle, there is much to grumble at in that; but in spirit and practice it is quite another thing. It is hampering, repressive, irritating; and, after all that had gone before, filled the natives with anger and the Government with disgust. In this state they remain; and it is impossible but that every well-conditioned Englishman should share the feelings of both. It is for us to be angry too when we see how much reason the natives have for thinking that their affairs have now passed under the control of the wire-pullers, vote-mongers, and faddists who work party-Government in England. And when we consider what India is, and what its Government has been and must be if it is to endure, disgust is a poor word for the feeling with which we view the public humiliation inflicted on the authority of that Government from home. In one scene we have the Viceroy's financial adviser "frankly admitting" that the Indian Government would never have

thought of imposing this excise duty but for orders from Downing Street. In another we see the Viceroy himself spreading his helpless hands abroad, shrugging his unfortunate shoulders, and explaining that of course when positive directions come from a Secretary of State about anything —!

And under what direction is the Secretary of State? We are brought back to that question by reports of another measure of internal regulation which is being forced on the Indian Government from England; and when we learn that this measure is a Bill for the amendment of the Cantonment Acts, and understand that its main design is "to prohibit the Indian Government from making any rules on the subject of contagious diseases," we know where we are at once. It is bad enough to place the Government of India under the direction of the House of Commons in its worst condition of common sense; but now it appears that the most egregious pack of fanatics ever seen in that Chamber have only to bounce a resolution through the House, and it presently becomes an edict which the Indian Government is expected to subscribe in due obedience. We confess we should not have imagined that the native population of India would care much about any such Cantonment Acts Amendment Bill; but the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* says that, following immediately after recent demonstrations that the Viceroy and his Council are becoming a mere machine for registering orders "from home," and for enforcing House of Commons resolutions, this Bill also will give rise to violent popular agitations should it pass. As to that we shall see. All we know at present is that India is cultivating agitation very assiduously, just as the authority of its Government is subjected to public humiliation, even to dishonour, by "Governments at home" which are themselves sunk in the worst degradations of the party system.

Is it possible that the imperialist Lord Rosebery can be contented with this state of things? Are we to suppose him satisfied that the safety and honour of the Empire is unaffected by trucking the credit of a Government like that of India for a parcel of votes? The appeal is to him as Prime Minister, and for the reasons above stated he must be very sensible that it is rightly addressed.

THE NEEDS OF THE NAVY.

NOT many years ago a gentleman, then occupying an important position at the Admiralty, telegraphed in his official capacity to one of the Royal dockyards desiring to be informed when a certain sloop-of-war, which some time previously had been laid down there, would be ready for launching. The reply was to the effect that the sloop in question was already in commission on a foreign station. It would be unkind, and perhaps even unreasonable, to suggest that the rulers of the Navy, or any of them, are now in a similar state of ignorance concerning their own ships; but it is, unfortunately, by no means impossible that even to-day they may be equally ignorant concerning the ships of other Powers. It is notorious that the confidential papers issued by the Intelligence Department, at about the time of the outbreak of the present war, to our officers on the China Station, misinformed them most grossly as to the nature and armament of at least one of the Japanese men-of-war that have since distinguished themselves, and that might, at any moment, have been brought into opposition to us. And, when one listens to the inspired gossip which is in the air about Lord Spencer's forthcoming development of his shipbuilding programme, one can very well believe that even if the progress of foreign navies be correctly reported at Whitehall, the significance of the news is not grasped there. Thus, although we believe that the present Board is animated by a general desire to do its duty to the country and the Empire, we dare not take it for granted that it either knows or understands exactly what its duty is. We therefore think it pertinent to point out briefly and plainly, first, that the present Admiralty stands committed in the most solemn manner to the policy of making our fighting fleet superior to the combined fighting fleets of any two other nations; secondly, that

our fighting strength depends, more than upon any other material factor, upon our strength in battleships; and, thirdly, that our strength in battleships does not, and will not, even when all the hitherto announced building programme shall have been completed, be as great as, according to the accepted formula of the Admiralty, it ought to be. We must, at the risk of being tedious, explain in detail this last assertion.

At the present time we have, in a completed state, or in a condition between launch and completion, twenty first-class battleships: Anson, Benbow, Camperdown, Collingwood, Howe, Rodney, Sans Pareil, Nile, Trafalgar, Ramillies, Repulse, Revenge, Royal Sovereign, Resolution, Royal Oak, Empress of India, Hood, Centurion, Barfleur, and Magnificent; and we have nine first-class battleships building or ordered: Renown, Majestic, Prince George, Hannibal, Caesar, Mars, Jupiter, Illustrious, and Victorious. Of second-class battleships, completed or undergoing modification, we have twelve: Edinburgh, Inflexible, Neptune, Superb, Téméraire, Thunderer, Dreadnought, Devastation, Colossus, Ajax, Alexandra, and Agamemnon. None are building or ordered. Of third-class battleships we have eleven: Hero, Conqueror, Invincible, Iron Duke, Monarch, Sultan, Swiftsure, Triumph, Audacious, Hercules, and Bellerophon. None are building or ordered.

At the present time France has, in a completed state, or in a condition between launch and completion, thirteen first-class battleships: Am. Duperré, Am. Baudin, Hoche, Magenta, Marceau, Neptune, Formidable, Courbet, Devastation, Jauréguiberry, Charles Martel, Brennus, and Carnot; and she has five first-class battleships building or ordered: Masséna, Bouvet, Charlemagne, St. Louis, and the vessel provisionally known as A7. Of second-class battleships, completed, completing, or undergoing modification, she has ten: Redoutable, Friedland, Caïman, Indomptable, Requin, Terrible, Bouvines, Jemappes, Tréhouart, and Valmy. She has none unlaunched or ordered. Of third-class battleships she has ten: Richelieu, Colbert, Trident, Tonnerre, Fulminant, Tonnant, Furieux, Marengo, Océan, and Suffren. Some of these are nominally coast-defence vessels, but all are really sea-going ships. None of the class are unlaunched or ordered.

Russia, at the present time, has completed, or in a state between launch and completion, ten first-class battleships: Sinope, Tchesmé, Navarin, Ekaterina II., Tri Sviatitelia, Georgei Pobiedonosets, Sissoi Veliki, Poltava, Petropaulovsk, and Sevastopol; and she has three first-class battleships building or ordered: Paris, Sissoi Veliki No. 2, and Rostilav. Of second-class battleships already built she has five: Nicolai I., Alexander II., Peter Veliki, Gangut, and Dvenadsat Apostolov. None are building, nor do any seem to be ordered. Of third-class battleships she has two launched: Admiral Seniavin and Admiral Ushakov, and one building: General Admiral Apraxin.

Italy has, completed or in a state between launch and completion, eight first-class battleships: Italia, Andrea Doria, Ruggiero di Lauria, Lepanto, Francesco Morosini, Re Umberto, Sicilia, and Sardegna. Of vessels of the same class she has, building or ordered, four: Am. di St. Bon, Emmanuele Filiberto, and two as yet unnamed. Of second-class battleships built, she has two: Duilio and Dandolo, besides three which are ordered. Of third-class battleships built, she has four: Ancona, Castelfidardo, Maria Pia, and San Martino; and three new ones are to be charged on the Budget of 1895-96.

Summarizing these statistics, we get the following table:—

	Battleships.	Great Britain.	France.	Russia.	Italy.
I. Class	Launched . . .	20	13	10	8
	Building or ordered . . .	9	5	3	4
II. Class	Launched . . .	12	10	5	2
	Building or ordered . . .	—	—	—	3
III. Class	Launched . . .	11	10	2	4
	Building or ordered . . .	—	—	1	3
		52	38	21	24

If, therefore, we had to fight France and Russia now, they could oppose twenty-three first-class battleships to our twenty; fifteen second-class battleships to our twelve; and twelve third-class battleships to our eleven. If we have to fight them in the future, they may be able to oppose our twenty-nine first-class battleships with thirty-one; our twelve second-class battleships with fifteen; and our eleven third-class battleships with thirteen. If, on

the other hand, we had to fight France and Italy now, they could oppose twenty-one first-class battleships to our twenty; twelve second-class battleships to our twelve; and fourteen third-class battleships to our eleven; and, if we have to fight them in the future, they may be able to oppose our twenty-nine first-class battleships with thirty; our twelve second-class battleships with fifteen; and our eleven third-class battleships with seventeen. And if we went on to compare the other armoured vessels, cruisers and coast-defence ships, of France and Russia with those of Great Britain, we should arrive at equally unsatisfactory results.

Rumour credits Lord Spencer with the intention of at present ordering no battleships besides those the names of which have been given above. If he carry out this intention, he will, unless he can absolutely and conclusively overthrow all our figures, do as ill a turn to his country as one might do who had an active desire to injure it. To put things simply, we are now seven battleships short of the strongest double combination that can be formed against us, and, unless we begin building afresh, we shall presently be ten battleships short. At such a moment as this, to encourage a belief that the individual superiority of our ships may compensate for their numerical inferiority will, of course, be the cue of all the interested draggers of red-herrings. We shall not follow the trail of those gentlemen, and we trust that Lord Spencer will not do so either.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

BY the death of Christina Rossetti, literature, and not

English literature alone, loses the one great modern poetess. There is another English poetess, indeed, who has gained a wider fame; but the fame of Mrs. Browning, like that of her contemporary, and, one might almost say, companion, George Sand, was of too immediate and temporary a kind to last. The very feminine, very emotional, work of Mrs. Browning, which was really, in the last or first result, only literature of the L. E. L. order carried to its furthest limits, roused a sort of womanly enthusiasm, in precisely the same way as the equally feminine, equally emotional, work of George Sand. In the same way, only in a lesser degree, all the women who have written charming verse—and how many there have been in quite recent times!—have won, and deservedly, a certain reputation as poetesses among poetesses. In Miss Rossetti we have a poet among poets, and in Miss Rossetti alone. Content to be merely a woman, wise in limiting herself within somewhat narrow bounds, she possessed, in union with a profoundly emotional nature, a power of artistic self-restraint which no other woman who has written in verse has ever shown; and it is through this mastery over her own nature, this economy of her own resources, that she takes rank among poets rather than among poetesses.

And, indeed, the first quality that appeals to one in Miss Rossetti's work is its artistic finish; and this finish is apparent in a simplicity so intense, so expressive, and so casual in seeming, as only the finest elaboration could extract from the complexities and confusions of nature. Her preference was for the homeliest words, and for the rhythms in which the art consists in a seeming disregard of art. No one who ever wrote in verse used so many words of one syllable, or so few words not used in ordinary conversation. No one ever used fewer inversions, or was less dependent on the unusual in sound or colour, or found less need or less room for metaphor. Italian as she partly was, there is absolutely nothing in her of the Italian luxuriance in language, that luxuriance which flowered so strangely in the poetry of her brother. She is more English than any Englishwoman. And yet, with these plain, unadorned words, the words that come first to our lips when we speak to one another, she obtained effects, not merely of vivid sincerity, of downright passion, of religious conviction, but also of fantastic subtlety, of airy grace, of remote and curious charm. Fairyland to her was as real as it is to a child, and it is with all a child's quaint familiarity with the impossible that she sings of "Goblin Market." It is with something also of the child's terror and attraction that she tells of ghosts, of dead people, buried and unhappy in their graves, who try vainly, or

perhaps not quite in vain, to get back into the warmth and strangeness of life. And the genuine shiver which she strikes through us is certainly a tribute to what is so deceptively matter-of-fact in her way of dealing with the mysterious. Just so the familiar and modest confidence with which she approaches what is rare and subtle in its beauty, as if at home there, awakens in us the sense of rarity and beauty, as a more oppressed and anxious air of attendance on the great in state fails, often enough, to do. We hear the music of her verse afloat in the air, the very music of Ariel, and yet with all the intimacy of a perfume, the perfume of a flower; the soul of something living and beautiful, with its roots in the earth.

This felicitously simple art, in which style is never a separate grace, but part of the very texture, so to speak, of the design, is the expression of a nature in which intensity of feeling is united with an almost painful reserve. It is as if the writer were forced, in spite of her utmost endeavour, to give voice to certain deep emotions, the cry of the heart for love, the soul's cry to God. The words seem as if wrung out of her, and it is in their intense quietness that one realizes the controlling force of the will that has bound them down. Alike in the love poems and in the religious poems, there is a certain asceticism, passion itself speaking a chastened language, the language, generally, of sorrowful but absolute renunciation. This motive, passion remembered and repressed, condemned to eternal memory and eternal sorrow, is the motive of much of her finest work; of "The Convent Threshold," for instance, that "master-piece of ascetic passion," as Dante Rossetti called it. Its recurrence gives a certain sadness to her verse, in spite of so much that is quaint, playful, and childlike in it. The finest of her earlier poems was a paraphrase on Ecclesiastes, and the vanity, shortness, and broken happiness of life are ever present to her. She utters no unseemly complaint, she brings no accusation against Providence, but she has no illusions in regard to things. And in her religious poems, which are perhaps the finest part of her work in verse, it is with a mainly tragic ecstasy that she sends up her soul to God, out of the depths. She is not less conscious of human unworthiness than of the infinite charity of God; and in her passionate humility she prays for the lowest place in Paradise, finding "that lowest place too high." Less delirious than Crashaw, less composed than George Herbert, Miss Rossetti takes her place as a religious poet between the one and the other, and she takes that place on terms of equality. Even in the little edifying books which she wrote with the deliberate intention of doing good, there is a firm and assured art in the handling of the very difficult matter of devotion. With her, the service of God, to which, in her later years, she gave herself with an absolute retirement from all worldly interests and undertakings, was hieratic in its solemnity, and demanded all the myrrh and frankincense and gold of art, as but an honourable return of gifts in homage to the giver. Here, as in the love-poems, depth of feeling is made no excuse for laxity of form; but the form is ennobled, and chastened into a finer severity, in proportion to the richness of the sentiment which it enshrines. It is by this rare, last quality of excellence, as we have already said, that Christina Rossetti takes her place among the great poets of our century, not on sufferance, as a woman, but by right, as an artist.

MILITARY DEGRADATION IN FRANCE.

(A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.)

"THE quality of mercy," according to Shakespeare, "is twice blest; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Military degradation, according to those who know best, is a thousand times accursed; it not only blasts all feeling of self-respect in the culprit himself and turns his heart's blood into gall, but it leaves an indelible and indescribable blot of horror on the mind of the administrator of the law; while the supernumeraries in the scene, that is, the men of the regiments lining the barrack yard or public square where the sentence is carried out, shudder even after many years when recounting the particulars. It has been my misfortune to witness, almost against my wish, two such ordeals, one at Pontivy, in Brittany, in the seven-

ties, one at Bourges in the eighties. I say "almost against my wish," for in both cases I might have retired, in neither case did I attempt to do so until it was too late. At the time of the ordeal at Pontivy I had seen two executions on the Place de la Roquette in Paris: those of de la Pommeraies, the French Pritchard, and of Troppmann, who had murdered the Kinck family (father, mother, and six children). I had seen Heindreich busy himself with *les dernières toilettes* of the French physician and man of the world, of the German strippling, for Troppmann was no more; I had accompanied the two culprits to the foot of the scaffold, for in those days there was a foot to the scaffold, and promised myself not to court a third sensation of a like nature. "Serments d'ivrogne, mes amis;" of the drunkard momentarily intoxicated ("stupefied" would be the better word) with the ghastly, but morbidly fascinating, spectacle of a fellow-creature's sufferings. I went to see a third execution a few years afterwards, that of Michael Campi, who murdered an inoffensive old gentleman in the Rue du Regard; I went to see a third execution just as I watched a second military degradation at Bourges, after having promised myself that the one at Pontivy should be the first and the last as far as I was concerned.

It would be idle, therefore, to pledge myself as to my future conduct in such cases; this much I do know: if compelled to choose between attending six executions by the guillotine and one military degradation, I would unhesitatingly attend the former. They could only kill the body. Military degradation kills the soul, and there is no priest to hold out the promise of redemption, for the aspiration to redemption that lies within nearly every human breast and would clutch at the priest's words of hope is crushed out of the culprit before he reaches the place of his execution. So convinced are we moderns of the impossibility of inspiring such hope that we have done away with the mockery of preaching it. The Church neither lends herself to malediction nor consolation at the ordeal of military degradation, as it did alternately in the reigns of François I. and some of his successors. Captain Alfred Dreyfus, unlike Captain Franget, who surrendered Fontarabia in the days of the first-named monarch, will not be surrounded by priests or the clergy of his own faith; his sword and spurs will not be shattered to pieces with a chopper on a dunghill; he will not be conveyed on a stretcher and covered with a white sheet to the gates of the Military School: the ordeal has been shorn of much of that pomp and circumstance, but it is a moot point whether it will not be more terrible than it was of yore, by reason of its simplicity. Dreyfus will appear bareheaded, but still invested with all the insignia of his rank, in the centre of a hollow square formed by some of the garrison of the capital; no heralds will call him traitor and repeat the word each time a token of that rank is wrenched from him. He will pass along the whole of the lines, after which the general commanding the division to which he belonged will simply read out the sentence, while the unhappy man stands by his side, flanked by two sergeants of his own company. Then the general will pronounce the formula of degradation. "Alfred Dreyfus, you are unworthy to carry arms. In the name of the Government of the Republic, we degrade you." His sword will be snapped in twain before his eyes, his shoulder straps and gold lace will be torn violently from his tunic, he will be run once more along the front, this time to the sound of the Marseillaise, and society, either civil or military, will know him no more. Henceforth he is an outcast, and none so poor as to do him reverence.

The description of the ordeal does not look very formidable, does it? So terrible is it, though, that Louis XVIII. shrank from inflicting it on Ney, whose sentence of degradation from the order of the Legion of Honour was merely read to him in his prison. Thiers, who was not tender-hearted either to friends or foes, spared it to Rossel of the Commune; MacMahon to Bazaine. It were well to remember all this before we pronounce upon the justice of Dreyfus' sentence. The secrecy of the proceedings should not influence us against a set of presumably honourable men, all of whom probably have witnessed the ordeal of military degradation, and would, I feel sure, have been glad not to inflict it.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ELECTRICIANS.

WHEN reading Continental technical journals, again and again one finds references to the British school of electricians, and to the views of the British school on magnetism and kindred matters, as though these views constituted a distinct order of ideas. Such is indeed the case.

The fact is that with Faraday there came into the twin sciences of electricity and magnetism a wholly new way of looking at, thinking about, and expressing, the phenomena already discovered; and with the adoption of these new methods of thought and language there has come an astonishingly abundant discovery of other facts. The industrial outburst of electrical and magnetic inventions, in telegraphy, in telephony, in the dynamo, the electric light, and the electric motor, is the outward counterpart of a great scientific development which received its main impulse from the work of Faraday, his own discoveries, and the new ideas which he instilled into the followers who trod in his steps.

Newton in his immortal "Principia" had shown that the planetary motions could be deduced mathematically and mechanically from a single fundamental principle, the law of gravitation. Behind this law lies the assumptions that bodies can act on one another at a distance, and that the forces which result are forces which act in straight lines. Thus the force between the sun and the earth, tending ever to draw them together, is an action that takes place across a distance of ninety million miles, and is always in the direct line joining the two. So perfect was the Newtonian theory that none dreamed of questioning its assumptions. Cavendish, working on the Newtonian ideas, weighed the mass of the earth against that of a great sphere of lead by comparing together the attractions exercised by each on a smaller leaden ball. The comparison was effected by the aid of John Michell's torsion-balance. Thenceforth the law of inverse squares as embodying the principle of action at a distance dominated all natural philosophy. To doubt it were worse than the most pestilent heresy. So for the next fifty years attempt after attempt was made to reduce into similar mathematical consistency the erratic forces of attraction and repulsion manifested by magnets on one another and on pieces of iron, and the equally erratic forces manifested by electric charges. Eventually, at the hands of Coulomb, using a delicate torsion-balance akin to that employed by Cavendish, there was triumphantly deduced an approximate law of inverse squares both for magnetism and for electricity. Coulomb's law is in the mouth of every schoolboy, regardless of the fact that not a single magnet or electrified sphere obeys any such simple rule. It was the triumph of the mathematician over the experimenter. Coulomb had succeeded in eliminating from his laboratory all the cases likely to arise in practice, and had, with infinite pains, selected the only cases in which such a law is even approximately obeyed. But upon these his results Laplace and Poisson then reared a splendid superstructure of physico-mathematical theories, which speedily became classical, and dominated the science. To doubt the adequacy of the theory of electricity or the theory of magnetism as so constructed and elaborated became a worse heresy than to doubt the theory of gravitation. And so, in the year of grace 1894, we may still read in French treatises such deliverances as the following:

"Depuis que Poisson en 1811 créa la théorie des phénomènes électriques, les travaux des savants se sont succédé sans relâche et forment l'un des plus vastes ensembles scientifiques."

It is, however, no exaggeration to say that the work of Poisson has, on the contrary, contributed nothing to the splendid development of electrical science during the past half-century: nay, has perhaps tended to retard it. The ideas that are to-day triumphant are not those of Poisson, they are those of Faraday; and the great advances, both in knowledge and in practical applications, have originated with the followers of Faraday, not with those of Poisson.

What Faraday, with little mathematical training beyond the simple rule-of-three, accomplished some sixty

years ago, he achieved by quite other means. Living amongst his apparatus, experimenting for himself with a simplicity and candour of mind rare indeed even amongst scientific men—equalled in this perhaps only by Darwin in our own day—Faraday gained an insight into facts that had escaped the wise and prudent mathematicians. Letting his thoughts play freely around the phenomena with which he was incessantly occupied, he saw with fresh eyes that which they had missed. First he was confronted with the actual fact that in the vast majority of cases under his hand the forces did not act in straight lines. Next he had to recognize the very perplexing circumstances that in the action of a magnet pole upon a wire carrying a current the force does not act in the line joining the two, and is not either an attraction or a repulsion, but is exerted at right-angles to that line. Thirdly, the amount of the force depends on the nature of the surrounding medium. Without consciously reckoning out these weighty considerations, or weaving them into any connected theory, he instinctively grew into his own new way of regarding the subject. He frankly abandoned the fundamental assumption of action at a distance and substituted in its place the fundamental conception of action in a medium. In 1821 he wrote to De la Rive: "I find all the usual attractions and repulsions of the magnetic needle by the conjunctive wire are deceptions, the motions being not attractions or repulsions, nor the result of any attractive or repulsive forces, but the result of a force in the wire, which, instead of bringing the pole of the needle nearer to or further from the wire, endeavours to make it move round it in a never-ending circle and motion whilst the battery remains in action." He had not yet arrived at abandoning action at a distance, but the germ was working in his mind. In 1831, immediately after his great discovery of the induction of electric currents by magnets—the basis of all the modern dynamos—he wrote to his friend Phillips that he had discovered a condition of matter (in the presence of moving magnets) in an "electrotonic" state. In 1833 comes this entry in his note-book: "Doubt attraction by poles altogether." By November 1837 he was ready to lay down the definite counter-proposition that "electrical action at a distance never occurred except through the influence of the intervening matter"; and, after proving that different media—such as air, turpentine, sperm-oil, sulphur, and the like—possessed specific inductive properties, he established the further proof that this inductive influence takes place along curved lines. The curved patterns assumed by iron filings in the neighbourhood of a magnet had for years possessed a sort of fascination for him. They had been known to Gilbert, to Musschenbroek, and to Walker; but Faraday first brought out their significance as indicating an action going on, invisibly otherwise, but always going on, in the surrounding medium. He conceived these magnetic lines as mapping out in a definite physical way the properties of the medium; as constituting closed circuits through the magnets with which they were associated. He showed that all the apparent attractions and repulsions were explicable, if to the magnetic lines of force were attributed the physical properties of a longitudinal tension or tendency to shorten, and a lateral pressure or tendency to move apart. He introduced the conception of "cutting" these invisible lines as the fundamental operation of moving the conducting wire in the neighbourhood of the magnet in the magneto-electric generation of currents. No little misunderstanding seems to have followed from this novel mode of treating electric and magnetic problems. Tyndall, who followed the Continental mode of thought, combated Faraday's modes of expression. On the problems of diamagnetism he differed from his master, and became mixed up in a hopeless tangle on the alleged diamagnetic polarity. Lord Kelvin seems to have been the first to understand that Faraday's conceptions were not irreconcilable with mathematical precision. Already in 1842 he had begun to translate into symbolic language some of Faraday's notions on magnetism. But it was reserved to the lamented Clerk-Maxwell to formulate in mathematical shape the great revolution of ideas. Maxwell, indeed, knowing that there was supposed to be a difference between Faraday's methods and those of the mathematicians, deliberately abstained from

studying the existing mathematical treatises on electricity, with their old traditions about forces acting at a distance, until "as a first step to right thinking" he had mastered Faraday's experimental work. To Faraday himself he wrote in 1857: "As far as I know, you are the first person in whom the idea of bodies acting at a distance by throwing the surrounding medium into a state of constraint has arisen as a principle to be actually believed in. You seem to see the lines of force curving round obstacles and driving plump at conductors, and swerving towards certain directions in crystals, and carrying with them the same amount of attractive power, spread wider or denser as the lines widen or contract." Of Maxwell's all too short life fifteen years were spent in casting into appropriate mathematical mould, and in elaborating and developing the Faradaic conceptions. And therein came his exceeding great reward. Faraday had in the same year written to Maxwell concerning "the time required for the assumption of the electrotonic state round a wire carrying a current," and had surmised that the time "must probably be short as the time of light"; adding, "the greatness of the result, if affirmative, makes me not despair." Twelve years before, with infinite pains he had shown that magnetism exercises a definite rotatory effect on the waves of light. And in 1846 he had written to Phillips a marvellous speculation entitled "Thoughts on Ray Vibrations," which Maxwell, in 1864, described as setting forth substantially the same electromagnetic theory of light which he had then himself begun to develop. Maxwell, in fact, found himself impelled to the same conclusions as Faraday, namely, that the same medium which conveyed the waves of light, the ether, was concerned in the propagation of all magnetic and electric actions: nay more, that light itself consists simply of electric waves, and that the velocity of light is simply the velocity of propagation of electric ripples. With this far-reaching theory Maxwell's name will be imperishably associated. For ten years, however, Maxwell's voice was as of one crying in a wilderness. Even after the appearance in 1873 of his epoch-making treatise, his writings were often pronounced unreadable, save by the few younger men, Chrystal, Rowland, Rayleigh, Lodge, Heaviside, Hopkinson, J. J. Thomson, Fitzgerald, and Poynting, who have since done so much to extend and promulgate the modern views. Abroad, Faraday was still regarded as vague and illogical in his methods. His researches had never been translated. Not until after Maxwell's treatise had been current for ten years was it translated into German. Then followed, just three years ago, a German translation of Faraday's volumes of 1855! Neither Faraday nor Maxwell has yet found a French translator. Slowly but surely, however, the heaven worked. Though neither Kelvin nor Helmholtz, the giants of mathematical physics, was prepared to accept Maxwell's electromagnetic theory of light, both had long adopted Faraday's fundamental ideas: the rest was bound to follow sooner or later. Joule's work on magnetism in 1843, followed a generation later by the researches of Hopkinson and of Ewing, strengthened the modern views. The growth of ideas about magnetic circuits had brought the treatment of that subject out of the hopelessly academic state in which the ideas of Coulomb and Poisson, with their hypothetical distributions of imponderable magnetic fluids, had left it. French electricians might protest as hard as they pleased against such bizarre notions as magnetic lines of force; but when they were brought face to face with the practical necessity of calculating the elements of construction of dynamo machines, the men who still dwelt under the shadow of the great mathematicians were helpless beside the followers of Faraday and of Joule.

The year 1881 marked an epoch, not only by reason of the adoption by the International Electrical Congress at Paris of the British Association's system of electrical units, but equally in that it witnessed Helmholtz's noble eulogy of Faraday's methods and ideas. Maxwell's work, too, was spreading in Germany, and the younger German thinkers fell with avidity into the ways of the British school. And if 1881 marked an epoch, so also did the year 1888, when Lord Kelvin at last gave up his spring-shell molecules and other attempts to construct an optico-elastic theory of electricity, and accepted the electromagnetic theory of light; and when also Hertz,

the rare spirit all too early snatched away, crowned Maxwell's theory by experimental demonstrations of the most convincing kind. He showed, in fact, how to track electric waves, from their source at one oscillating spark, to their subsidence in a second spark at some distant point; and, in so tracking them, proved them to possess all the optical properties hitherto known to be characteristic of light-waves.

We now know that two similar magnet poles do *not* repel one another: they are thrust apart by the stresses in the intervening medium. We know that two opposite electric charges do not attract one another: they are urged together by forces external to both. We know that the magnetism of a magnet does not reside upon its poles, as though they had been painted over with imaginary magnetic fluids. We know that the impulse that sends a message across the Atlantic is not propagated, as our forefathers in telegraphy supposed, along the copper wire of the cable, but is really conveyed by the surrounding so-called non-conducting medium. More than all, we have learned that the science of optics does not stand apart: it is only one small domain in the modern realm of electricity.

These things are but a part of the scientific heritage won for mankind by the British school of electricity.

A NEW POET.

WE have, at the present day, many excellent writers of verse, in whom we find almost every quality but the essential one: the expression of a new, interesting personality in a new and interesting way. This primary requirement, however, seems to us, for once, to be answered in a little book which has just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews: "Poems and Carols," by Selwyn Image. Mr. Image's name is well known in connexion with another art than that of poetry, the art of decorative design; in which he has done work not less individual, not less remarkable for strength of outline and subtlety and delicacy of sentiment, than this work in verse which now comes before us for the first time. It is, all of it, work which it might be possible to dislike extremely; it makes no concessions to the point of view, the preferences and tastes, of other people; it has no relation whatever to current fashions, to popular ways of doing things; it is, if ever work was, a personal expression; and, good or bad, it is evident that no one else could have done it in just this way, and that the artist himself could have done it in no other way. Here, then, we have poems which come to us bearing the unmistakable impress of a personality; and this personality is one of singular rarity and interest. The book divides itself exactly into two parts; the first sixteen pieces being almost entirely love-poems, the latter sixteen religious poems, with an epilogue summing up the conclusion of the whole matter. It is in this balance of the two generally conflicting impulses of human nature, this rounding of the circle of mortal existence, that the peculiar interest of the work consists. On one page we read:

"Like a willow, like a reed,
Is my Love's grace:
And her face,

Like a soft, pale-petalled, rose:
And my Love's breast,
Like the rest

Of a snow-drift, calm and white:
And to kiss there!
Ah! what compare,

Can I find in rhyme for that;
Where is Love's own
Jewelled throne?"

And on another page we read:

"O vacant Tomb!
Where is He gone, That was thy treasure?
Now is thy darkness wholly without measure
Of cureless gloom.

Nay, thou art free

For heaven's own light to enter, and suffuse thee :
Causeless the curse, with which we did abuse thee,
Since risen is He !

This the New Year !

All things arise with Him, Who once hath left thee :
Lo ! thy defeat of ills hath wholly reft thee,
And heaven breaks clear !

Vacant of ills,

Home of sweet rest henceforth to hearts believing ;
Stored with brave hopes, O thou, the all-receiving,
For whoso wills !

Each of these two poems impresses one with an equal sense of sincerity, each is done with the same gravity and sureness of touch ; yet the sentiment of the one would, with most persons, exclude participation in the sentiment of the other. For the one expresses the pure pagan delight in bodily beauty for its own sake, and the other the pure Christian sense of spiritual communion with the unseen. And the two come to us, not as moods which chase each other through a variable and uncertain soul, but as mutually permissive instincts of a curiously equable and poised nature. In the poetry of Verlaine, for instance, we get the more tragic, but the more easily comprehensible, spectacle of the sinner who repents ; we hear the cry of the desiring, and then of the suffering, flesh. But here, with all the profoundly passionate and the profoundly religious sense, of which these poems are the outcome, there is neither sense of sin nor sense of repentance, in any very explicit manner ; but, rather, a thankful acceptance of the flesh and the ways of the flesh, and also of the spirit and the ways of the spirit. In some beautiful, illogical way, we are led to realize a certain, not mystic, but practical, "marriage of heaven and hell," and it is with precisely the same fervour and with no feeling of incongruity, that the poet worships divinity in the actual bodily beauty of woman and the feelingly apprehended reality of the sacred mysteries.

Here, then, we have at all events a very unusual personality, expressing itself with singular completeness, through the medium of verse. Nor is the form less individual and interesting than the substance. The extracts we have given, though chosen mainly for their expression of certain sentiments, should be enough to give some idea of the manner of the writing. At times crabbed, strong, and with some of the disabilities of strength, it is remarkable for the exactitude with which it says precisely what it means to say. Here are no poetical flourishes, no ornaments insisting themselves beyond the limits of the design ; a design, indeed, sometimes a trifle rigid, but at all events never wavering. Every piece is perfectly composed ; the "mental cartooning," to use Rossetti's phrase, has been adequately done ; and, though one may here and there take exception to a word, a rhythm, as being not quite smooth, not quite harmonious, yet in a certain, essential kind of finish, these poems are conspicuous among contemporary work in verse. In even the most playful and fanciful, the most delicately slight, there is a "large utterance" ; and the air of grave and homely order which is proper to them all is due to a very original treatment of the conventional in art, a union of quaint and subtly simple homeliness with a somewhat abstract severity. That such work as this, with all its charm and simplicity, is likely to make an immediate success, or win a very wide popularity, we are scarcely charitable enough to believe. It is not worked up or frittered down from a popular model ; it has no excess on which a ready enthusiasm can fasten in admiration. It is a new thing, the revelation of a new poet ; and as such it will probably have to wait, it can well afford to wait, for general acceptance. But at least a few people will realize that here is a book which may be trusted to outlive most contemporary literature.

THE EXHIBITION OF VENETIAN ART.

THE pictures and drawings, which have been brought together in the Exhibition of Venetian Art at the New Gallery, and which form the most important part of that collection, include not only the schools of Venice,

but, also, of the Venetian territory, of Padua, Verona, Brescia and Bergamo. As in the previous Exhibitions of this kind at the New Gallery, the paintings are catalogued under the names of the masters to whom their owners attribute them : and so it is not surprising to find, for example, ten pictures ascribed to Giorgione, of which the greater number can only be assigned to that vague and comprehensive category, the Giorgionesque. Then, occasionally, a painting is attributed to a great master, without possessing sufficient artistic value to justify its place in the Exhibition ; of such a kind is the "Sacred Conversation," No. 164, attributed to Giovanni Bellini, which is only a copy of an early work by Lorenzo Lotto in the Bridgewater collection. But on the whole, the committee is to be congratulated on the beauty and interest of the pictures which they have been able to bring together ; and upon the number of artists, whose work they have been able to represent in genuine examples.

If some masters, among whom are notably Vittore Pisano and Liberale da Verona, remain unrepresented, we find an example of an early painter, Stefano da Zevio, whose work is rarely to be seen out of Verona : indeed, like Antonio da Negroponte, he is chiefly known by a single picture. The little painting, No. 77, recalls in its subject, in the gaiety of its colour, and in the naïveté of its sentiment, the delightful painting of the Virgin and Child, surrounded by angels in a trellised rose-garden, which is one of the memorable things in the Museo Civico, at Verona. These pictures afford a remarkable instance of the influence of German art, at an early period, on the art of Northern Italy. The Veronese School, however, is less well represented at the New Gallery than any other ; but the school of Padua, which may be said almost to begin and end with Mantegna, appears to advantage in the works of this painter. The "Adoration of the Magi," No. 22, and the "Holy Family," No. 96, are splendid examples of his art, in which the intellectual appreciation of beauty could not be carried further. The two panels of "Dido" and "Judith," Nos. 21 and 24, recall the panels of "Summer and Autumn" in the National Gallery, No. 1125, which Morelli considered to be the work of a skilful imitator of Mantegna. If these pictures want the freedom of hand, which characterizes the finest works of this master, some doubt may also be expressed in regard to the little picture of "Judith and Holofernes," No. 125. Turning to the pictures of the Venetian School, we find no very important picture by Giovanni Bellini : although there are many good examples of his school, which bear a genuine signature. Among such pictures is to be placed the fine composition of the "Virgin and Child," with four saints, No. 107, which Morelli has attributed, on inconclusive evidence, to his scholar, Bissolo ; and the "Circumcision," No. 84, which, with all due deference to the opinions of the writer of the catalogue, can only be considered one of the many school versions of this composition. Another such version is to be found in the same room, No. 168 : and others are to be found in the Doria Gallery, the Gallery at Rovigo, and elsewhere : that over one of the altars in S. Zaccaria at Venice is, perhaps, the finest. Among the other pictures, which bear the name of Bellini in the catalogue, is an Adoration of the Shepherds, No. 251, which is clearly by the same hand as the fine picture of a Warrior adoring the Infant Christ, No. 234, and the St. Jerome, No. 694, in our National Gallery. Morelli attributed both these paintings to Vincenzo Catena : and yet another painting in the present Exhibition at the New Gallery, a Holy Family, No. 161, is there ascribed to the same master. The great breadth of treatment, the peculiar cast of the draperies, the golden colouring and the pure glow of the atmosphere, are the prevailing characteristics of these paintings ; to the altar-piece of the Martyrdom of St. Catherine, by the same painter, in the church of S. Maria Mater Domini, at Venice, they lend an unmistakable air of distinction. But when we turn to the signed pictures by Catena, of which there are two examples in the New Gallery, the Virgin and Child with Saints and donors, No. 46, and another Sacred Conversation, in which the infant Christ is blessing the donor, No. 98, we are unable to recognize the same characteristics. If some points of resemblance are to be observed in these two groups of pictures, more points of difference may, surely, be remarked. The cast of the draperies is more

angular and broken; the forms are less suave; the colour has a tendency to blackness; the glow of the atmosphere is wanting. We think that the authorities of our National Gallery have been wise in refusing to accept Morelli's conclusion: for it is impossible on internal evidence alone to attribute to Catena the unsigned pictures. Such are a few of the more obvious critical problems which are suggested by the early pictures at the New Gallery, and which may yet serve to agreeably vex the soul of the amateur in *saeculum saeculi*.

"SLAVES OF THE RING."*

OF all wonderful scenes that the modern theatre knows, commend me to that in the first act of Wagner's "Tristan," where Tristan and Isolde drink the death draught. There is nothing else for them to do; since Tristan, loving Isolde and being beloved by her, is nevertheless bringing her across the sea to be the bride of his friend King Mark. Believing themselves delivered by death from all bonds and duties and other terrestrial fates, they enter into an elysium of love in perfect happiness and freedom, and remain there until their brief eternity is cut short by the shouts of the sailors and the letting go of the anchor, and they find themselves still on earth, with all secrets told and barriers cast down between them, and King Mark waiting to receive his bride. The poison had been exchanged by a friendly hand for a love potion.

At what period Mr. Sydney Grundy came under the spell of this situation, and resolved that he, too, would have a "new and original" turn at it, I do not know. It may be, since these dramatic imaginings are really the common heritage of the human imagination, and belong to no individual genius, however grandly he may have shaped them into a masterpiece of his art, that Mr. Grundy may have found the situation in the air, and not at Bayreuth. Howbeit he conceived it somehow, and proceeded to make out of it the play entitled "Slaves of the Ring," which differs from Wagner's "Tristan" in this very essential respect, that whereas "Tristan" is the greatest work of its kind of the century, "Slaves of the Ring" is not sufficiently typical or classical to deserve being cited even as the worst. It is not a work of art at all: it is a mere contrivance for filling a theatre bill, and not, I am bound to say, a very apt contrivance even at that.

Here was the problem as it presented itself to Mr. Grundy. Wanted, a married lady declaring her love for a man other than her husband under the impression that she and he are both dead, and consequently released from all moral obligations (this, observe, is the indispensable condition which appears to lie at the back of the popular conception of Paradise in all countries). The lady's conviction that she has passed the gates of death preserves her innocence as an English heroine. But what about the gentleman? Wagner made the gentleman believe himself dead also, and so preserved his innocence. But the English stage gentleman is as frail as the English stage lady is pure: therefore Mr. Grundy's Tristan, though perfectly alive and well aware of it, takes the deluded lady to his bosom. Hereupon Mr. Grundy owes it to his character as a master of drama that Tristan's wife should overhear these proceedings; and he owes it to his reputation as a master of stage technique that she should announce her presence by turning up a lamp, which the other lady has previously had turned down for that express purpose (as every experienced playgoer in the house plainly foresees) on the somewhat emaciated pretext that she prefers to sit in the dark. But it is of course possible that this also is a reminiscence of Tristan and Isolde's love of night and death. At all events, Miss Rorke turns up the lamp with the expertness due to long practice; and then, the dramatic possibilities of the theme being exhausted, the parties get off the stage as best they can.

Here you have the whole play. Once this scene was invented, nothing remained for the author to do except to prepare for it in a first act, and to use up its backwash in a third. And concerning that first act, I can only say that my utter lack of any sort of relish for Mr. Grundy's school of theatrical art must be my excuse if

* "Slaves of the Ring": a new and original play in three acts. By Sydney Grundy. Garrick Theatre, 29th December 1894.

I fail, without some appearance of malice, adequately to convey my sense of the mathematic lifelessness and intricacy of his preliminaries. I am not alluding to the inevitable opening explanations on the subject of "the old Earl" and "the late Countess," which Mrs. Boucicault industriously offers to Miss Kate Phillips, who replies with much *aplomb*, "I see your point." Even if I could follow such explanations, I could not remember them. Often as I have sat them out, I have never listened to them, and I never will; though I am far from objecting to a device which gives me leisure to look at the scenery and dresses, and helps to attune the ear of the pit to the conversational pitch of the house. But I do expect the author to get through the task of introducing the persons of the drama to the audience in a lucid and easily memorable way, and not to leave me at the end of half-an-hour feeling like a boy on his first day at a new school, or a stranger at an At-Home in a new set. Mr. Grundy somehow managed to plunge me into the densest confusion as to who was who, a confusion which almost touched aberration when I saw a double leading lady walk on to the stage, both of her in full wedding dress. Like the dying Mousquetaire in the Ingoldsby Legends, when his friends tried to cure him of seeing a ghost by dressing up a nurse exactly like it, I exclaimed

"Mon Dieu! V'la deux!"

By the Pope, *there are two!*"

The spectacular effect alone of so much white silk was sufficiently unheing. But when the two brides proceeded solemnly to marry one another with a wedding ring, I really did feel for a moment a horrible misgiving that I had at last broken through that "thin partition" which divides great wits from madness. It was only afterwards, when we came to the "Tristan" scene, for which all this was mere preparation, that I realized how Mr. Grundy's imagination, excited solely by that one situation, and unhappily not fertilized by it sufficiently to bring its figures to life as created characters, was inert during this first act; so that in elaborating a tissue of artificialities to lead us to accept a situation which we would willingly have taken for granted without any explanations at all, he was unable to visualize the stage, even with two brides on it in full fig. Well was it for Mr. Grundy that that act was under the wing of Mr. Hare at the Garrick Theatre. Even as it was, there were moments when even the firmest faith that something must be coming presently showed signs of breaking down.

The third act was better. There were no explanations, because, the murder being out, there was nothing more to explain. Unfortunately, though the plot was over, it was too late to begin the play. Further, the scene was in a conservatory, lit with so many lamps that Miss Rorke could not have made any particular difference by turning down one of them; so she jumped through a palm-tree instead, and cried, "Aha! I've caught you at last," just as the other lady, though now convalescent and in her right mind, was relapsing into her dream with Tristan. In spite of this and a few other clatrapas, there was a certain force at work in this act, a force which finally revealed itself as a burning conviction in Mr. Grundy that our law and custom of making marriage indissoluble and irrevocable except by the disgrace of either party, is a cruel social evil. Under the stimulus of this, the only definite "view" anywhere discoverable in his works, he does manage to get some driving weight of indignant discontent into the end of the play, though even in the very heat of it he remains so captivated by worn-out French stage conventions that he makes one of his characters strike the supposed lover of his wife across the face with a white glove. Whereat it is really impossible to do anything but laugh and fish out one's hat to go. Being safely at home, well-disposed to Mr. Grundy, and desirous above all things to slip gently over the staring fact that the play might be a better one, let me note gratefully that there is no villain, no hero, a quadrille of lovers instead of a pair, and that Mr. Grundy's imagination, stretched and tortured as it is on the Procrustean framework of "the well-made play," yet bursts fitfully into activity—though not, alas! into rebellion—with angry vigour.

As to the acting, it is, on the whole, much worse than

the play. Miss Kate Rorke, comely, ladylike and self-possessed, turns her emotion on and off by her well-established method with a business-like promptitude that makes the operation as certain as the turning up and down of the lamp. I feel sure that Miss Rorke would regard what I call acting as mere hysteria; and indeed I should be loth to recommend it to her, as she is no doubt quite as popular, and perhaps a good deal happier without it. Miss Calhoun, equally experienced, also obliged with whatever was wanted at the right moment. Her outcries in the first act, and again in the last, were discordant and unconvincing; and she should have made the Tristan scene at least six times as effective. Mr. Brandon Thomas, as a broken-hearted personage charged with the duty of accompanying the play by an explanatory lecture in the manner of *Dumas fils*, was in a deplorable situation throughout. It happens that the plot devised by Mr. Grundy to bring off his one scene has all the potentialities of a capital comedy plot. Mr. Brandon Thomas divined this, and knew in his soul (as I read him) that if only he might be allowed the smallest twinkle of humour, he could make the play go like wild-fire. Under these circumstances his enforced gravity had a baffled quality which was the more ludicrous because it looked as if he were killing the play, whereas the play was really killing him. Mr. Gilbert Hare had a more important part than he would have been cast for in any other theatre; but as he played it with great care and thoroughness to the very best of his ability, it would be churlish to grudge him his advantage. Mr. Bourchier had nothing to act, though, fundamentally, this observation is perhaps hardly more true of him than of the rest. Some comic relief gave an opportunity to Mr. Hare and Miss Kate Phillips. Mr. Hare, to be quite frank, had a very cheap job; but he got the last inch of effect out of it. He, also, was provided with a patent broken heart, though he happily kept it to himself until a moment before his final exit. Miss Phillips was hampered in the first two acts by that sort of comic part which is almost as much a nuisance as a relief; but she played a little scene with Mr. Hare in the last act very cleverly, and was, it seemed to me, the only lady in the cast whose artistic sensitiveness had survived the case-hardening of professional routine. The stage-mounting and colouring were solidly and expensively Philistine, the dresses in the last act, and the style of domestic decoration in the first, epitomizing the whole history of plutocracy in England during the expiring century.

G. B. S.

NEW ORGAN AND PIANO MUSIC.

ELBOW resting on table, chin in palm of hand, with closed eyes the weary reviewer gazes on a scene that has flashed across his inner vision: a little stone Northumbrian church on a sultry June morning, the heat of which is made more oppressive to the eye by the dreary whitewashed walls, to the ear by the wheezy music of a rickety harmonium. But the music is an audible paradise to one small boy, who, immediately the service is over, steals round to the harmonium to watch the "organist" at work. He looks up at the desk and sees "Voluntaries arranged for harmonium by J. W. Elliot."

Here the reviewer opens his eyes with a start, for the origin of that apparition of old days lies before him—"The Canterbury Voluntaries for Harmonium or American Organ, composed and arranged by J. W. Elliot" (Phillips & Page). So Mr. Elliot still unfolds himself in a cycle of masterpieces, is still, in the language of the iron foundry, in full blast; and by arranging his wares for American organ as well as harmonium, shows that he has moved with the times. His books are built on the old model, if one may say built, when simplified transcriptions of Mozart, Spohr, and Haydn are thrown in haphazard with the achievements of Paul Gillette, Mr. Elliot, and—German Reed! From here, where the north wind pipes icily over the snow-patched lea, the lights of many a "ham" and "ton" may be vaguely seen: in each there is one church or more—for the folk are so religious that to the superficial glance there seem to be at least three churches per head of population—and

in each church may be found several volumes of Mr. Elliot's Voluntaries. The country organist swears by them, for good players are scarce, and he that can play the "Hallelujah" Chorus is regarded with the reverent awe due to the eminent virtuoso. Long may Mr. Elliot flourish, and provide the lesser men with matter to exercise their minds and fingers upon.

It is not surprising that the country organist aims so low, when his presumably educated brother of the town aims so much lower. Here we have some voluntaries by Mr. Walter Spinney (Wickins & Co.), and certain of Mr. Michael Watson's piano-pieces transcribed by Mr. Edwin M. Lott (Ashdown). To play them demands some small command of the organ, and when played they turn out to be more vulgar, or when not vulgar, tedious, than the fare offered by Mr. Elliot. Mr. Spinney's pieces are the kind of thing the vicar's daughter extemporizes when she finds it past her ability to read the music and "watch the pedals" at the same time; and Mr. Watson's gems might with advantage be used in the lower class of music-halls. That hardened offender, Dr. Spark, of Leeds, has also been transcribing, and a "Snowflake Gavotte" (Willcocks), by a Mr. John Crook, which has suffered at his hands, beats even Messrs. Watson and Lott in point of rampant vulgarity. Why the late Dr. Westbrook arranged "A Dream of Bethlehem" (Enoch & Sons) is as mysterious as the reason why Mr. Paul Rodney wrote the song—unless, indeed, in each case the reason was cash. But we are glad to note that there is a market for something better. Messrs. Novello send us a parcel of "Original" Compositions for the organ, to some of which the adjective may be applied not altogether in irony. Still, even in the best of these there is a curious scarcity of limpid beauty, of fancy, of the more prosaic quality of sprightliness; and this lack is not compensated for by grandeur or breadth. It almost seems as if organ composers were imitating their colleagues of the drawing-room, and not imitating well. Let us glance at a few drawing-room compositions.

Rubinstein's six pieces for the piano, "Souvenir de Dresde" (Novello), are amongst the most delightful things the composer gave us. The first is a smooth flowing Andante, sweet but rather thin, like watered orange pulp, with a hurried, stormy middle section; the second, a passionate Allegro, is more suggestive of the roaring of the sea than anything in the Ocean symphony. The next, a Novellette, is daintily piquant; and piquant, too, is the word we would apply to the following Caprice. Number five is a Nocturne, filled with the spirit of beauty; and the last, a Polonaise, though it has none of the fiery rhythmical tramp of Chopin, swings along buoyantly in its own way, and the melody is genial. All the pieces are filled with lovely effects, the colour is always harmonious, if never strong or vivid, and, chiefly, Rubinstein knew the instrument he wrote for, and got what he wanted with just the right proportion of means. Next we have Mr. German's Gipsy Suite, not to be compared with Rubinstein's pieces for invention and charm, but pretty things for all that. The Gipsy flavour is easy to get, and has been somewhat overworked, but Mr. German's vigour and ready wit have enabled him to use it with agreeable results. The final Tarantelle dances along with almost electric vivacity. The same composer's Concert Study in A flat (Ashdown) is a good study, but not for a concert. Some of the tricks used are hoary with age; and freshness is sadly lacking in the melodies. The same may be said of Mr. Meyer-Helmund's Miniatures (Forsyth Brothers). The waltz is ancient, and Mr. Meyer-Helmund only the last of many who have composed it. But he need not be uneasy, for he will probably live to see it often composed again. Mr. Walter Macfarren's pieces (Ashdown) are heavy and wearisome: the Second Scherzo reminds us of the German baron who tried to learn to be lively by jumping on tables, and the only distinctive feature of the "Bourrée nouvelle par Walter Macfarren" is the foolish affectation of the French title. Surely Mr. Macfarren, an English professor teaching in an English academy, whose music, written for English, pupils is published by an English firm, and is English to the point of dullness, and often past it, might be content with an English name. A Mazurka by Mr. Arthur Hervey is passable,

but his *Air de Ballet* (both are published by Messrs. Willcocks) has not a gleam of beauty to redeem its barren dryness. Some little pieces by Mr. Carlo Albanesi, not solid and far from emotional, are yet full of graceful touches; a *Scherzo* by Oscar Beringer is dainty, and the middle part particularly melodious; and even a quantity of dance music we have received—the best of them being “*Les Folies*” Waltz and the “*Mirette*” Polka (Chappell), “*Sweet as a rose*,” Waltz (Phillip & Page), and “*Valses de Blondes*” (Enoch & Sons)—is brisk, fanciful, not borne down with an overwhelming weight of dulness.

Why, then, cannot our composers do as well when they write for the organ? The best pieces of the parcel received from Messrs. Novello are two, a *Canzone* and a *Melody*, by Mr. King Hall. They are not in the highest sense original, but have a flavour of their own, and are written with a firm grip of the pen. An *Offertoire* by the same composer is planned on a more heroic scale, and does not come so near to artistic perfection as the smaller pieces. An *Allegretto* by Mr. John E. West might have been pretty, had not the composer inadvertently left out his melody in the writing, and given us only the accompaniment. A *Lullaby*, a *Grand March*, and a *Pastorale*, all by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, are as bad as they can well be, and should never have been published: the first is inane, the second clumsy and pretentious, and the third a student's exercise. The same publishers (Novello) send us a startling arrangement of the first movement of Schubert's piano sonata in A minor, perpetrated by Mr. Arthur B. Plant. We are too much shaken by astonishment to offer an opinion on the misdeemeanour. On the whole, then, the bulk of the organ-music that has reached us is not pleasant matter for consideration. It almost seems as if organists, by too long neglect of rhythm, had lost all sense of its subtleties, and were unable, therefore, to appreciate true melody: if they seek something lively as a change from the pulseless flabbiness of their invertebrate fugues (we do not mean Bach's), and the charms of those “soft voluntaries” which are merely hymn-tunes long drawn out, nothing appeals to their undeveloped, savage rhythmical sense save the music-hall tunes of Wely and Mr. Michael Watson, the brazen, assertive Salvation Army marches of Mr. Hamilton Clarke, and, we may add, the shoddy of Widor and Guilmant. We cannot tell how else to account for the vulgarity and poverty of modern organ-music.

The vulgarity comes out chiefly in the music that the organists play, the poverty in the anthems and services their choirs sing. Dvorák's *Mass* in D has been adapted to Anglican needs, and will, we expect, be no more successful in this than in its original form; and on going through the rest of Messrs. Novello's *Services* and *Anthems* we find it hard to distinguish one from another. There is no thematic matter, no life, no colour, and only in rare cases any technical mastery. If our composers would study with a modern eye and human heart the old burial service of William Croft (with Purcell's “*Thou knowest, Lord*”), which has been re-issued by Novello, they might reach ground on which it is possible to build lastingly. There is blood in such music: it speaks to us with a human accent. Except for our two modern chords, painfully dragged in, the anthems of Messrs. Hugh Blair, Steane, Naylor, and Drs. Varley Roberts and Armes, might have been written before Mozart's time; and Sir Joseph Barnby's “*Christians, awake*” suggests that his brain was weary after a bout of ballad-composing. In any of these one looks as vainly for love of beauty as for a hint of manhood, the best that is offered us instead being sickly drawing-room mediævalism. There is less sincerity in this, though performed in big cathedrals on never so grand a scale, than in Mr. Elliot's *Voluntaries* played on a wheezy harmonium in a dreary village church.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE COMING AUSTRIAN LOAN.

THE Hungarian Ministerial crisis has delayed the negotiations between Austria and Hungary which had for their object the reform of the currency. But it is known that as soon as there is a Government at Pesth capable of making the arrangements,

the question will be settled. The Governments of both Austria and Hungary have instituted very careful inquiries into the whole matter, and have decided to discard the silver standard and to adopt the gold standard. Hungary, it is understood, has obtained as much gold as for the present is believed to be required, but Austria needs a considerable sum still. The exact amount is, of course, not settled, but it is thought that it will be between eight and ten millions sterling, and that a loan for the whole amount will be brought out in the course of a few months. Some little while ago there were serious fears that excessive speculation both in Vienna and Pesth might interfere with the success of the loan. But the Government, with the assistance of the leading banks, has been able so far to prevent any trouble; and it is noteworthy that even the Ministerial crisis at Pesth has had very little effect upon the Bourses. Strong hopes are entertained, therefore, that the loan will be successful. It will be offered in Germany and France as well as at home; but not in London, for some reason difficult to explain. The expectation is that, as both Hungary and Austria have up to the present got all the gold they require from New York, Austria will now be able to get the 8 or 10 millions she still wants from the same source. The Austro-Hungarian Bank has already collected about 15½ millions sterling in gold, and the Austrian Government, as well as the Hungarian Government, has other sums likewise in the metal. It is estimated, therefore, that 10 millions sterling is the very most that will be required, and that it can be got in the United States.

It is very probable that the Austrian expectations will be fulfilled, for gold is being withdrawn from the United States Treasury very rapidly, and the withdrawals are naturally causing much anxiety. It will be recollected that only a few weeks ago the American Government issued bonds, bearing 5 per cent. interest, of the nominal amount of 10 millions sterling, and that they sold at a price to yield about 11½ millions sterling. The proceeds raised the reserve in the Treasury considerably over the 20 millions sterling which the Government is always bound to keep. But the withdrawals have been on such a scale that the reserve has now fallen to very little more than 17 millions sterling, and everything points to a continuance of the drain. The larger part of the gold withdrawn is exported to Europe; hitherto it has almost all gone to Paris; but of course, if a higher price is offered by Austria, she will be able to divert the stream to Vienna. Possibly Congress may adopt a wise policy that will reassure opinion at home, and thereby stop the withdrawals; but as yet there is nothing to lead us to hope that it will be done. In any event, the United States revenue is very much smaller than the expenditure, and this month the payments on account of the extravagant pensions which have been granted by successive Congresses will compel the Treasury to pay out very large sums. It is estimated that in the month of January alone the expenditure, chiefly because of the pensions, will exceed the receipts by nearly 2½ millions sterling. It seems clear, therefore, that the reserve in the Treasury will rapidly decrease during the next few weeks, and consequently that Austria will be able, if she bids high enough, to secure large sums. If she does, then, unless Congress acts promptly and wisely, the United States Government will undoubtedly have to borrow again very soon. Another loan would only postpone the evil. The banks are accumulating all the gold they can obtain from the general public; the Government, by selling bonds, is taking gold out of the banks for the Treasury; and the poverty of the Government, together with the general distrust, is enabling European bankers and Governments to withdraw the coin and bullion from the Treasury as soon as it is collected. Thus the United States is being rapidly depleted of its gold. The danger is that the public may become alarmed and that there may be another crisis like that of a year ago.

Increase of apprehension in the United States and the deepening of distrust would, of course, have a bad influence upon the world's trade, the United States being so important a commercial country. If, however, Con-

gress acts judiciously and credit begins to revive, it may be hoped that the New Year will see a marked improvement in trade. All over Europe there is a revival of confidence; and the activity in the South African department of the Stock Exchange, as well as the success with which new Companies have been placed of late, proves that the investing public is more inclined than it was to encourage new enterprises. If the American currency is put in order we may hope that prices will rise, and that there will be a decided expansion of trade. In some branches of our trade there is already a more hopeful feeling, particularly in the woollen manufacturing districts. On the Continent the reports from Austria, Hungary, Russia, and Germany are more favourable. French trade, however, is very depressed, owing to the prohibitive tariff and to undue speculation. But our own home trade is good.

Since Tuesday the rates of discount and interest have fallen sharply. In the open market three months bank bills have been discounted freely at about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and short loans have been lent for a day at from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Apparently the withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England for Paris are beginning again, and the best opinion is that they will continue for some time. On the other hand, the withdrawals from the United States Treasury are on a very large scale, while the receipts from South Africa and Australia are expected to be larger than they have ever been before. The general belief in the market, therefore, is that money will continue exceedingly cheap for months to come.

The India Council on Wednesday offered for tender 60 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers and sold the whole amount at about 1s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per rupee. The applications were large, and presumably will continue so for some months; but there is no sign as yet of any improvement in price. The silver market shows very little change, the price being rather under 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ per ounce.

As was generally expected, the bank dividends so far announced are lower than for years past. The last six months were very unfavourable for bankers. The directors of the London and Westminster recommend a dividend at the rate of 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the half year; 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was paid for the first half of the year; consequently, the rate for the whole year is 10 per cent. For 1893 the dividend was 12 per cent. The directors of the National Discount Company recommend a dividend at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum. Twelve months ago the dividend was 12 per cent.

The revenue returns for the first nine months of the financial year are satisfactory. But it would be rash to conclude that there will be a great surplus, for the receipts in the last nine months of 1893 were unusually small on account of the great coal strike, while in the first three months of 1894 they were very large. The income-tax is not likely to give a very satisfactory return. It would appear, indeed, that the new Death Duties are yielding even more than was estimated. Still, as far as can be judged three months beforehand, it is not likely that there will be a very large surplus. But of course it is too early yet to offer any confident opinion.

There has been a good deal of selling on the Stock Exchange this week by operators in the South African market. The rise for some little time past has been so great it is very natural that speculators should realize to secure their profits. There is no appearance, however, that the French are selling yet. It was their purchases which chiefly caused the extraordinary rise of late, and if they continue buying, the market will improve again before very long. At the same time, in some cases prices are now exceedingly high. It may be, of course, that the various companies will erect more machinery, and that the turn-out for the coming year will be greatly increased. But there can be no question at all that in several instances the actual yield does not justify the prices. The rise has been largely due to a belief in an increase in the output. While that is true of almost all the mines which are in special favour in Paris, it is also

true that the prospects of several of the low-priced mines are fairly good. In favour of the market is the purchasing by investors upon the Continent, especially in France, and the probability that money will continue abundant and cheap till well into the summer. On the other hand, the rise in many cases has been exceedingly rapid and great. There is a rumour that some of the selling is the result of a struggle between large dealers in Paris and one of the leading mine-owners in London. Investment in Home Railway stocks is growing. It has been foreseen for some time past that the dividends would be unsatisfactory, because both the working expenses and the fixed charges are very high. But the impression is gaining ground amongst the general public that the trade improvement will make greater progress in the new year, that the dividends therefore will increase, and consequently large numbers are re-investing the interest and dividends now being received by them in the Home Railway market. We believe, as has been stated in this column, that though there may be fluctuations, the tendency of the Home Railway market upon the whole will be to rise. British Government securities, Indian Sterling, and sound Colonial stocks are all in great demand, and are likely to continue so while money is as cheap as at present. There is an inclination likewise to buy miscellaneous securities, especially home securities, which have a fair prospect of improving when trade becomes better. It is to be recollected that the payments of interest and dividends are only just beginning, that immense sums will be distributed during the current month and during February. A very large proportion will be re-invested, and therefore—assuming that nothing untoward happens—the tendency will be for all fairly good securities to advance.

We have before us the prospectus of the Empire, Liverpool, Limited. The promoters of this company ask the public to subscribe for 3,000 shares of £10 each in order to establish a music hall in Liverpool. The names of Lionel Brough and John Hollingshead figure among the directors, but how these gentlemen have brought themselves to approve of the prospectus we are at a loss to imagine. The prospectus sets forth that Portsmouth (population 167,277), Dundee (population 153,066), and various other provincial towns have "modern Palaces of Varieties which show substantial profits," but care is taken not to inform us what these profits are, while, on the other hand, the population of these towns is said to be "extracted from official sources." Moreover, we find a paragraph which reads as follows: "The following prices indicate the high opinion entertained of the value of shares in Variety Theatres," and then we are informed that the Empire, London, shares, 15s. paid, sell for £3 5s. 1 Mr. Ellis Brammall, who is to receive 500 fully-paid shares for his interest in the lease of the building, and is to become Managing Director of the Company at £400 a year and a commission of 10 per cent. of the net profits after payment to the shareholders of a dividend of 10 per cent., seems to us the only person likely to benefit by the forming of this company. One clause in this extraordinary prospectus is calculated to astonish even the experienced. "The price," we are told, "has been fixed by the vendor at the sum of £45,000, the whole of which (should the directors desire it) will be left on mortgage at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent." Does the Company undertake to pay £45,000 or interest thereon at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. out of a capital of £25,000, to be further reduced by all the expenses of advertisement and promotion?

Consols closed on Thursday at 103 $\frac{1}{8}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{9}{16}$; Canadian 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cents closed at 106 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Cape of Good Hope 3 $\frac{1}{2}$'s closed at 110 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; and Victorian 3 $\frac{1}{2}$'s closed at 95, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. In the Home Railway market, London and Brighton Undivided closed at 171, a rise of 2; Metropolitan Consolidated Stock closed at 95 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 3; South-Eastern Undivided closed at 131, a rise of 2; Great Western closed at 163 $\frac{1}{2}$, likewise a rise of 2; North-Western closed at 177, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. While first-class Government Securities and Home Railway stocks have been thus advancing all through the week, there has been a marked decline in the American and a smaller decline in the South African. Confining ourselves

for the moment to dividend-paying American shares, we find that Baltimore and Ohio closed on Thursday at 62½, a fall of 1, compared with the preceding Thursday; Canadian Pacific closed at 59, a fall of 1½; Milwaukee closed at 56½, also a fall of 1½; New York Central closed at 101, a fall of ½; and Illinois Central closed at 82½, a fall of as much as 4½. Turning to the South African market we find that City and Suburban closed at 17, a fall of ½; Henry Nourse closed at 5½, a fall of ½; Crown Reef closed at 10, a fall of ½; and Simmer and Jack closed at 13½, a fall of ½.

REVIEWS.

THE LATE DEAN CHURCH.

"Life and Letters of Dean Church:" edited by his daughter, Mary C. Church, with a Preface by the Dean of Christ Church. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

WE cannot speak more highly of this book than in simply saying of it that it is worthy of its great subject. When on the 10th of December four years ago it was known that Dean Church was dead, all English churchmen were left mourning at the loss of a unique presence and power, which had told incalculably for good in their midst. In Richard William Church there met, indeed, two singular elements of attraction—he was a link with the past, and he was the most widely revered ecclesiastical authority of the day. The Oxford Movement had worked marvels in the Anglican Communion: and Dr. Church had not only been on terms of intimate friendship with the leaders of that Movement, but he had stood himself in the very midst of the stress of those stormy days, and on one memorable occasion he had asserted his academical prerogative with singular courage and the most fortunate result: on the 13th of February, 1845, he had, as proctor, vetoed in Convocation an infinitely mischievous proposal of the Hebdomadal Board aimed at the unpopular Tractarians. Twenty-six years after that eventful day Dr. Church was raised to the Deanery of St. Paul's. He was selected for this high position, not out of compliment to his scholarship, not as a reward for his past work, but "for very tough practical business: to set St. Paul's in order, as the great English Cathedral, before the eyes of the country." It is not too much to say that he was the one ecclesiastic in England fitted for this stupendous task. His appointment was received everywhere with acclaim: and he proved through nineteen years of devoted work and supremely wise rule, that he was worthy of the trust reposed in him, of the expectations he had aroused. Between the St. Paul's of to-day and the St. Paul's of two decades ago the contrast, from a religious point of view, is amazing indeed. There is no comparison by which we can express the contrast save by speaking of the change as a very resurrection from the dead. There stood the Metropolitan Cathedral in those bygone days for sight-seers to gaze at,—for that undoubtedly, and almost for nothing more. As a show place, visitors up from the country went to stare at it: as a centre of spiritual life it had no existence. Could those dry bones ever live? The sparse and sparsely attended services were disgraced by slovenliness. The larger part of the immense building was unused. If a man set himself to the idea of reformation, it was almost every detail of the life of the place that cried aloud for reform; and lo! at every point in the way of such reform stood vested interests and long-established abuses. The idea might well have seemed hopeless: and yet the reformation, the restoration, has been accomplished, there it is actually a fact before our eyes. To-day the very heart of the religious life of London is St. Paul's Cathedral. It is no longer a State building, in a little corner of which worship occasionally may be found going on in a perfunctory fashion, with ecclesiastics attached to its foundation living a dignified, unapproachable existence apart from the common world. Its services are now perpetual, conducted in all "the beauty of holiness," flocked to by crowds of devout worshippers. Men come up to St.

Paul's now as to their spiritual home for prayer and praise and instruction: and the members of its chapter, as veritable parish priests, are at the service of their parishioners, the English churchmen of this vast metropolis. Twenty years of noble aims and ungrudging labour have worked this almost miraculous change: but the one man who made the change possible was Richard William Church. In saying this we are speaking advisedly; we are by no means forgetting or ignoring the splendid services rendered by such members of the cathedral body as its present Dean, or Canon Liddon, or Dr. Lightfoot, or by those younger members who are now with such conspicuous success carrying on and advancing the great work begun for them. But with the amazing difficulties in the way of it the change, humanly speaking, could not have come about, unless there had been at its head in the beginning a man capable of commanding a universal popular confidence: and herein lay Dean Church's distinction. He was the one man for the task, because he was the one man of whose aims and judgment all men felt secure; and so they were content to be guided by him, to leave themselves in his hand. We may ask ourselves what was the secret of this strange influence, and find it hard, perhaps impossible, to analyze it. But the existence of the influence was a fact undeniable. There were other ecclesiastics in their way greater than Dean Church, more learned, more eloquent, not less pure in life and in intention: but the secret of winning men's confidence, the confidence of the world about him with all its varieties and confusions, had been given this man in a degree that was unique; and the religious life of St. Paul's to-day with its far-reaching issues is the outcome of that gift.

It is natural, therefore, that the memoir of such a man, whose character and parts were so distinguished, and the great work of whose life is here so prominently before our eyes, should have been looked forward to with eagerness, and yet not without some anxiety. This eagerness will be more than satisfied, this anxiety will be wholly allayed, by the volume now in our hands. The modern indecent craze for publishing men's lives almost before their bodies are cold has been resisted: it is now four years since Dean Church went to his rest. The modern and still more indecent craze of revealing every detail about a dead man that can be ferreted out has also been resisted: and in a single volume of 350 pages a clear, adequate, and dignified portrait is drawn for us that will be studied far and wide with absorbing interest.

It is impossible within the limits of this review, we do not say to do justice to Dean Church's character and work, but even to indicate their many-sidedness. There is one characteristic of the man, however, upon which we perforce linger a moment, his readiness to welcome "the younger generation," to take serious account of their new aims and methods, to sympathize with them unaffectedly.

Canon Scott-Holland says of him, and on this point no one's words could be more authoritative, "Of all that elder race he was the one who most intimately followed on with the new movements and the fresh temper. He was absolutely in touch with the younger men. He did not encounter them with a challenge of suspicion, or hold them off at arm's length. He felt what was going forward; he believed in its worth; he took it seriously. Right to his very last years he caught the spirit that was abroad, and was sensitive to its necessary differences from earlier types." Exactly: nothing could be said more true about this admirable man, and the truth could not be expressed more pointedly. He caught the spirit that was abroad, he was sensitive to its essential characteristics. In that delicate, in that at times almost insignificant frame, there dwelt the soul of a scholar, of a saint, one who loved to be apart communing with the wise. Yes, but he had nothing of certain scholars' selfishness, conceit, effeminacy, inhumanity. With all his refinement he was altogether virile; with his exceeding earnestness he was altogether charitable; there was no touch of the *dilettante* about him, of the time-server, of the man who could be all things to all men because upon nothing in the world had he any grip, nor cared to have any. He was sympathetic, receptive, progressive, because he was strong, because he saw clearly and stood by his convictions. And it was this union of a clear judgment and a

sympathetic heart that made him capable of his unique work in the English Church,—a work which will keep his name fresh and his memory precious to us for many a long day to come.

LIFE AT THE ZOO.

"Life at the Zoo. Notes and Traditions of the Regent's Park Gardens." By C. J. Cornish. Illustrated. London: Seeley & Co. 1895.

MR. CORNISH has written a charming series of sketches that form a pleasant medley for the lover of animals. As the title suggests, the matter relates to present or recent inhabitants of the Zoo, or such kindred topics as Jamrach's, the quest for the wild horse, animal colouring, the soldier's camel. The illustrations form a welcome addition, although the half-tone process does less than justice to many of Mr. Gambier Bolton's photographs. A subject which Mr. Cornish introduces in his first chapter, "The Zoo in a Frost," and to which he recurs repeatedly, is the nature of the difficulties to be overcome in keeping the animals healthy.

"Just fifty years ago, when the best means of keeping wild animals in health and vigour when confined was still matter for experiment, an interesting set of statistics of the length of life of the large *felidæ* in the gardens was submitted to the Society by Mr. Rees. It appeared from the records of the menagerie that lions, leopards, tigers, and pumas only lived, on an average, for two years in the gardens, which gave a mortality of about one per month."

The system which gave such bad results was "one of confinement in small stuffy cages, in a room artificially heated throughout the year."

This system is being displaced now, to the great benefit of the animals in health, temper, and appearance, by the provision of large and roomy cages and by practically free exposure to the outer air. In their native homes the cats, great and small, as well as most of the animals to be seen in the menagerie, are accustomed to a wide range of temperature, and they are ready enough to tolerate the frosts of an English winter. On any clear frosty day visitors to the Zoo may repeat the observation that Mr. Cornish made a year ago. Although every pool and pond was sheeted with ice, yet—

"Birds and beasts from tropical and semi-tropical regions, such as Burmah, Assam, Malacca, and Brazil, were abroad, enjoying the keen air; and others, which are usually invisible and curled up in their sleeping apartments till late in the day, were already abroad, sniffing at the frost and icicles, and as indifferent to the cold as Mr. Samuel Weller's polar bear 'ven he was a-practising his skating.'"

All such animals gain immensely by the greater freedom it is possible to give them when the maintenance of a tropical temperature is not considered the first requisite. But Mr. Cornish would go further than the Zoological Society. He believes that the "Zoo of the Future" will contain spaces of enormous size like those of the collection of Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, in whose gardens at Hamburg—

"Six lions, two Bengal tigers, and one from Siberia, live harmoniously in society with a Polar bear, a Thibetan bear, and a number of leopards."

We are not so sanguine about such an arrangement. Mr. Cornish and Mr. Hagenbeck believe that there is no danger in it if the animals be brought into association while young. The Zoological Society tried the experiment of bringing up together two tiger cubs and a young lion, which lived in peace and amity for nearly two years, until on a Sunday morning a few years ago a fatal *fracas* occurred. As Mr. Cornish does not refer to it, although he mentions an earlier fight between a tiger and a tigress that occurred in 1879, and as it had the more dramatic interest of taking place between a lion and a tiger, we may repair the omission briefly. The cause of the quarrel was unknown. The present writer, one of the keepers, and the only two other visitors who happened to be in the lion-house at the time, were attracted almost simultaneously by a sudden commotion

in the den at the south end. The larger tiger already had the lion by the throat and was slowly strangling it, while endeavouring to pull it into the sleeping compartment. The second tiger was walking round and round the cage in considerable excitement, pausing at every round to gnaw the paw of the prostrate lion in a curiously dispassionate manner. Every effort was made to separate them, but the lion was dead before the tiger could be got to loose his fatal grip. It may, however, be said that in a larger space this quarrel would not have occurred.

Mr. Cornish mentions some of the exceptions to the general ability of tropical animals to endure cold. Among these, the lemurs and the marmosets are injured most easily, many of them having to spend the few miserable months of their lives in England in sheltered glass-houses not exposed to the public view. Such animals are inhabitants of the tropical forests, and Mr. Cornish might have drawn a curious parallel between the conditions of their life and the strange conditions he describes in his chapter on "Deep Sea Lamps." In the great depths of the ocean the water remains of an even coldness throughout the year. The play of the varying seasons does not reach it, and no intruding currents bring changes of cold and warmth. In the depths of the tropical forest a warm temperature is maintained with an almost equal constancy. The dense foliage shuts out the noonday sun, and after dark, by checking radiation, prevents the usual cold of a tropic night, while wind-storms hardly stir the heavy and stagnant air. Animals accustomed to such conditions have little chance of acquiring a power of accommodation to changes of temperature, and no doubt they fall victims to the variability rather than to the coldness of England. When the Society can build gigantic palm houses, shut off from the outer air by heated corridors, and filled by a moist and steaming atmosphere kept at an unvarying temperature, it may be able to exhibit to the public the beautiful creatures Mr. Cornish calls so happily "the ghosts of the tropical forest."

We have chosen only one out of some dozen topics we had selected from this fascinating book; we may leave the others to readers of the book itself, assuring them that the better they know the Zoo the more they will enjoy these diverting essays.

EVERY DAY AN AGE AGO.

"Diary of Anna Green Winslow, a Boston Schoolgirl of 1771." Edited by Alice Morse Earle. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1894.

IF a family portrait by Copley is the patent of nobility for good Americans, a family diary a century old is probably a Boston equivalent for sixteen quarterings. Nothing could be more strictly local than the chief interest of little Anna Green Winslow's journal, written in the form of daily letters to her mother. In spite of Bunker Hill, Boston has never ceased to be a colony. All the provincialism, all the tradition, all the decorum, all the true parish feeling of your whole-hearted colonial still sways the heart and the memory of Boston. And this colonialism is really as strong as any other form of modern patriotism. A decade of years in Brisbane is enough to fill therewith a not uncommon kind of Englishman, so that a decade of subsequent years in Fleet Street shall do nothing whatever towards making him an Englishman again, or anything but a man, a politician, a publicist of Brisbane. And if colonialism is to be thus easily and finally acquired, how strong is it in those who are to that local manner born, and whose aunts were born so! Anna Green Winslow, poor child, had she lived, would have been great-aunt to "quite a number" (the transatlantic phrase is appropriate). And the interest that gathers round her little diary is principally a feeling of nephews and nieces and connexions by marriage. Besides this, and for the outer world, to which the name of the Old South Church brings no thrill, there are two interests in the book, and neither of them, as it chances, is very strong. One is an accident of time, and has this value: that it will never again exist; we in our turn shall not leave it to the future; no

diary written to-day will have precisely this interest in a hundred years from now, because we are leaving more than sufficient chronicles of all the small beer we brew. It is the value given by time to any dated record left to us now by chance from a period that wrote and printed comparatively little. And, secondly, there is the human interest of the child. Neither is the period very freshly marked by little Anna, nor is she a memorable child.

Some glimpses of the abject New England superstition we get at the outset, such as the Puritan reluctance to baptize a child unlucky enough to have broken the law of the Lord's Day in causing a form of "labour" to be accomplished by its birth upon the Sabbath. But with this savage fetishism were combined the dregs of mundane luxury in a manner possible in no other conditions. The little girl who weekly makes notes of the sermons, prattles about what she calls her "pompodore" shoes. She goes to parties amongst her contemporaries, where she greatly astonishes her future editress by taking punch. She is anxious that her absent mother shall send no directions as to dress which shall conflict with the fashions of Sudbury Street. But against those fashions as they were imposed upon a little schoolgirl of twelve, she makes a natural and girlish protest. "I had my 'heddus' roll on. It makes my head itch and ach and burn like anything, mamma. This famous roll is not made *wholly* of a red cow tail, but is a mixture of that and horse-hair (very coarse) and a little human hair of yellow hue that, I suppose, was taken out of the back part of an old wig. . . . Aunt took up her apron and mesur'd me, and from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions I mesur'd above an inch longer than I did downwards from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin. Nothing," adds Anna, without loss of time or paragraphs, "renders a young person more amiable than virtue and modesty without the help of fals hair." She has seldom so much humour, though she has the more timely fits of laughter—"an egregious fit of laughter that is apt to seize me, and the violence of which I am at this present under." It is quite a sign of the estimate of children in those days that it was thought appropriate to dress a child of twelve with a "head" like her elders, the "head" being, moreover, looped and hung with decorations, as little Anna's miniature shows. The distinctive dressing of little girls, which is quite a recent thing, matches our gayer sense of their childishness. The names of the Boston babies of the last century are such as could not have been inflicted upon them but by parents who looked upon them as distressingly imperfect men and women and incomplete theologians. An aunt of Anna's is "brought to bed of a son Joshua," and other as yet unconvinced Calvinists are welcomed into the world by their names equally lacking in gaiety.

The little journal was well worth preserving, and perhaps worth printing. The preface is pleasantly written, the notes are of anxious and concentrated local importance, and the outside is rather prettily got up to imitate a sampler.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S BIOGRAPHY.

"Charles Bradlaugh: a Record of His Life and Work."

By his daughter, Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner. With an account of his Parliamentary struggle, politics, and teachings, by John M. Robertson. In 2 vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

IF Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner's biography of her father had been compressed into half its present dimensions, it would have been a much more interesting and not less valuable book. The narrative is prolix, the pages are overcrowded with unimportant detail; we are sick and tired of report after report of Mr. Bradlaugh's debates and controversies with this "bigot" and the other (all his opponents are very naturally "bigots" in his daughter's eyes); we grow weary of the repetition of incidents illustrating Mr. Bradlaugh's physical strength and courage; we are almost persuaded at times that he spent all the leisure he could spare from wrangling with people in "casting out" folks who disturbed his meetings. As if all this were not annoying enough, there comes along a tedious Mr. Robertson, who writes three

hundred unnecessary, uninteresting pages about philosophy, secularism, politics, and things in general, and who is about as fascinating and instructive as an out-of-date copy of Bradshaw's Guide. That Bradlaugh's daughter should think the world deeply interested in petty anecdotes about the silly arguments with which some well-meaning person tried to "settle" Bradlaugh is natural and pardonable; but that Mr. Robertson should think that any purchaser of Bradlaugh's biography can want to know what Mr. Robertson thinks of Mr. Max Müller's views on theology is wanton folly carried to the limits of impertinence. However, in spite of all this overlying and bedizening, in spite of the ills done him by too much love and by pompous self-consciousness, Bradlaugh struggles out of it, a fine huge figure of a man.

He was a fighter from first to last. The chapters in the earlier volume which describe his beginnings are among the most interesting of the book. Mrs. Bonner is here clear, concise, terse (owing, doubtless, to the absence of personal reminiscence to lead her thoughts astray), and the picture of the poor lad's home, surroundings, and troubles would have been worth the writing even if it had not been part of the life-story of a noble and notable man. He was the eldest son of a clerk who married a nursemaid, earned forty shillings a week, had many children, and lived in a seven-roomed house at Hoxton. The father was evidently a steady sober sort of person, as he remained with the same firm for upwards of twenty years; the mother seems to have been cold to her eldest born, narrow-minded, and rather cruel. Young Charles went to a National School, and, on completing his education (aged eleven) began to earn his living. He was office-boy in the firm where his father was clerk, and got 5s. a week. Cash was scarce, but he saved halfpence to buy books, and sometimes he got a windfall: a kind Mr. Marsdon, for instance, once "chatted with the lad, asked him many questions, and finished up by giving him a bun and half-a-crown." A little later the lad "bettered himself," and at fourteen was drawing 11s. a week as "cashier" to a coal merchant in the City Road. It was in the time of political and social upheaval towards the middle of the century, and young Bradlaugh began to divide his leisure between theories of Government and religion. He went to Bonner's Fields and heard debates on all sorts of subjects, attended Chartist meetings, and was a regular and exemplary Sunday-school teacher. His excellence in this latter capacity was the cause of his spiritual new birth. His vicar selected him, as one of his prize lads, for confirmation. Young Bradlaugh prepared himself for the ceremony by an earnest study of the Four Gospels, "found, to his dismay, that they did not agree," wrote to the parson for help and guidance, and was denounced by that foolish being as a young atheist. The consequence of this was suspension from the work of Sunday-school teaching, harsh treatment at home, and more assiduous attendance at Bonner's Fields. It is interesting to note the future "Iconoclast's" first appearance in public debate. The year, we gather, was 1848, and the boy would have been nearly sixteen:

"In consequence of my father's own theological difficulties [writes Mrs. Bonner] he was naturally attracted to a particular group where such points were discussed with great energy Sunday after Sunday. After listening a little, he was roused to the defence of his Bible and his Church, and, finding his tongue, joined in the debate on behalf of orthodox Christianity."

Orthodox Christianity did not hold him long. The parson brought pressure to bear upon him; his mother let the text "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God" hang up opposite his seat to cheer him at meal-time; his father (like Jowett in the story) gave him a certain time to change his views or depart. Like a high-spirited young fellow, he chose the latter alternative; and the Carliles, Mr. B. Jones, "an old Chartist and Free-thinker, who gave him hospitality for a week, while he cast about to earn a living," and other good outlaws who were kind to the young Ishmael, settled his anti-religious views once and for all. He tried to sell coal and pick up an honest living: dwelt with the Carliles and sustained life on vegetables: thought hard about God, man, and the meaning of things: and studied diligently in his spare moments among his odd but not unlearned

companions. On this last point, his daughter's estimate of his attainments, though it may not be absolutely accurate, is worth quoting :

"Then and with subsequent study he acquired a good knowledge of Hebrew; French he could read and speak (although with a somewhat English accent) as easily as his own tongue; he knew a little Arabic and Greek; and he could make his way though Latin, Italian, or Spanish."

However, neither anti-theology nor his scholarship could earn him a living then, and business in coals was not profitable to the young Atheist—because he was an Atheist, says Mrs. Bonner. That he was a boy and had no capital, seems sufficient explanation to us. Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that he was growing very lean and was getting into debt, when, like a sensible young fellow, he went and enlisted in the Royal Dragoons. In those days the new recruit in certain regiments got a bounty of £6 10s: the financial obligations which weighed upon the lad's mind were £4 15s. He paid them off at once. All through his career he was harassed by liabilities, mostly incurred for the causes he served, and mostly of a nature that would never have troubled a moderately well-to-do man; he toiled honestly and unceasingly to pay up "like a man," and he never in all his days enjoyed for his own use the revenues of a comfortable small shopkeeper. Whatever his faults were, he was ever intensely honest both in material and in spiritual things, and he was as little touched by the idea of personal aggrandizement as a man can well be.

Bradlaugh's life in the army lasted nearly three years; he left it with a very good character, a greatly improved physique, and some valuable experience. He returned to civil life on the death of his father; he tried to help his mother and the young children, but had to be content at first with the humblest employ. For all his twenty years, his gigantic stature, and his knowledge of books and the world, he could scarcely keep body and soul together at first. Like many a good fellow, he had to undergo the pain of seeking work and finding none who would let him use his faculties. There is nothing like this for turning a man into an enemy of society, and it is vastly to Bradlaugh's credit that this and the rest of his experience of the injustices of civilized life never made him bitter, or tinged his tilting against social wrongs with personal spite. He was not idle for very long :

"One day he went, amongst other places, into the office of Mr. Rogers, a solicitor, of 70 Fenchurch Street, to inquire whether he wanted a clerk. Mr. Rogers had no vacancy for a clerk, but mentioned casually that he wanted a lad for errands and office work. My father asked, 'What wages?' 'Ten shillings a week,' replied Mr. Rogers. 'Then I'll take it,' quickly decided my father."

Rogers appreciated his "boy," raised his salary by five shillings a week after three months, and a bit later gave him responsible legal work. Bradlaugh began to pick up that extraordinary knowledge of law and legal methods which afterwards enabled him to meet and treat attorney-generals and judges on their own ground; and, had he not been more deeply interested in spiritual things than his own advancement in life, would doubtless have blossomed in good time into a prosperous solicitor, doing his work honestly, and seeing his private investments swell regularly and comfortably year by year. He might, indeed, if he had dropped the anti-theism business now, have gone on quietly for ten or twenty years, and then gone in the usual respectable way into Parliament, where his debating powers, his practical common sense, and his political abilities would doubtless have soon made him a figure in a Liberal Ministry. We cannot honestly pretend that we are sorry this was not his lot. His life would have been pleasanter, but the world would have lost something. England has always a sufficiency of honest, competent, reputable statesmen of the second order; but the man who steadily devotes his life to an idea, who will habitually defy everything and everybody for conscience' sake, is not common in any age, and is more valuable and inspiring to us in this age of compromise and hysteria than any dozen ordinary Cabinet Ministers. Bradlaugh might have been even as (say) the

Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P., and, like him, have had a creditable career adorned with useful commonplace work; but he would not, in such case, have made any man's blood run faster through his body at the thought of him, made any man set his standard of life higher on reading of his doings and sufferings.

We have dwelt on the early years of Bradlaugh's life, because his career after he became a public character is now pretty well known. Mrs. Bonner has been at great pains (and rightly) to confute in detail the many calumnies by which his name was assailed at one time and another, but for many of us her task (which she has performed with perfect success and excellent taste) was fortunately no longer necessary. He spent all his best years in attacking the creed of the great majority of his fellow-countrymen; he did it in a way which offended the taste and hurt the feelings of many of them; and he was identified in the minds of his bitterest assailants with the public advocacy of secular teaching, which they thought immoral and calculated to do immense harm. It is not necessary to discuss his propaganda here or now. But surely it need not astonish any one that mobs pelted him with stones; that municipal authorities met to prevent him having halls to lecture in; that clergymen denounced him from the pulpit; and that honest folk who looked upon his work as devilish did not handle him the more respectfully because all sorts of stories about the wickedness of his private life were everywhere afloat. These stories were cruel slanders, and those who once gave them credence are sorry indeed if they were the cause of prejudice against him; but to many, thirty and twenty years ago, such actions as were imputed to him seemed the logical and natural outcome of his teaching as they understood it. Bradlaugh himself gave hard knocks, and got them; the bigots and weaklings on both sides struck many a coward blow. His crew were the smaller, and so he suffered most. He understood all that, and was always generous and tolerant towards the opponents against whom his daughter is so naturally furious. He knew, too, that if one man stands up against many for any cause, right or wrong, he must expect poverty, hooting, reviling, stoning, and may think himself lucky if he gets off with his life. One cannot be a martyr or a prophet without pain.

But Bradlaugh enjoyed fighting, and on the whole we incline to think his life of struggle was a happy one. He had terrible domestic sorrow in his wife's intemperance, but he bore his trouble manfully, and he derived much comfort from his friendships, and from the daughters to whom he was so loving a father. His schemes for propagating his social, atheistical, and political doctrines involved him in perpetual financial difficulties, and his endeavours in the City to cast off the terrible restraints which want of means imposes on a reformer resulted in failure; but he was always vigorously working with tongue and pen for causes in which he fully believed, and he was always cheered by little victories and by the vivid hope of final triumph. He bowed as little to the opinions of the classes whence he drew most of his followers as he did to his opponents or to money. At a time when it was popular with his following, he denounced Socialism; and the fact that his strenuous and open attacks upon it paved the way for his supersession by new Labour leaders did not move him one jot. He was indeed "old-fashioned" before he died; and perhaps he got some taste of the bitterest agony a reformer can suffer in the respect which was finally paid to his opinions on all hands, the easy tolerance with which views that were "dangerous" in the fifties and extreme in the sixties were regarded at the end of the eighties. Many of the political reforms he had advocated were accomplished facts, and the millennium was not apparently nearer; indeed, Tories looked upon them complacently as part of the established order, and Radicals regarded their advocate as rather a Whiggish sort of being. It was no distinction, as his life drew to an end, to be an Atheist or a Republican; it was rather the mark of a fossil in earnest reforming circles—all that is *vieux jeu*. Yet, we suppose, the positive achievements, small as they were, of his long struggles, gave him some comfort; he had stood up all through his life for an Englishman's individual freedom, he had got the Blasphemy Laws repealed, was the

cause of the taking of oaths and affirmations being adequately regulated by law so as to punish no man for opinion's sake, he had been of help in the accomplishment of various political objects which he regarded as good, and he had won the respect and admiration of the House of Commons after a weary fight in which he beat it single-handed. But what he was is to our thinking vastly more important than what he did. We recommend our readers to make his acquaintance more completely in the pages of his daughter's book, which, with all its faults, is eminently worth reading. We shall be mistaken if they do not find in it the portrait of an Englishman of whom his countrymen may well be proud; it may be that he spent most of his life over a barren cause, but he threw himself into it, heart, body, and soul. Fanaticism has always something admirable in it, and he was the last of our religious fanatics. He was also a fine, generous, lovable fellow, prompt to smite and ready to forgive, tender as he was strong, honest as he was fearless. Like most Englishmen, he evidently rather prided himself on his common sense, and thought that he had to convince himself by reason before adopting any course; but with him—as with all men who have much moved others—emotion was a stronger factor than logic. He was an enthusiast, and always a sincere one. If in his hatred of shams, he attacked a good many truths and wounded a good many honest folk, it is not hard to forgive him now, or even to regard him with kindlier sympathy on that account. "Thorough" was his motto; but he was very human.

THE KELLY GANG.

"The Last of the Bushrangers. Tales of Crime and Criminals in Australia." By Henry A. White. London: Ward & Downey. 1894.

THE southern continent began its civilized career at Botany Bay. This is a sore point with colonials, but need not be shirked. It was Australia's misfortune and not her fault that England proposed to convert a Paradise into a Pandemonium, and later on it was the very wealth of the country which produced the delirious criminality accompanying the terrible disease of gold-fever. It is true that Botany Bay left an indelible tint on Australian civilization, just as the *Mayflower* tinged American civilization. But the latest descendants of the *Mayflower's* pilgrims are careful to confine their Puritanism to such matters as the draping of statuettes, and the citizens of the South, with better reason, are equally chary of their spiritual legacy. The criminal tinge in Australia shows itself in the well-marked preponderance of crime in those colonies which once received English convicts; the majority of Australian criminals to-day, as the author of this book found, are the descendants of transported men, though others have reached wealth and honour. Not only has Australia produced many famous criminals, but in Bragg's "Confessions of a Thief" (not, however, mentioned in the book before us) it has given us a document which is perhaps unique in the light it throws on criminal psychology. Again, the fiction of the South is significant: its stories are full of crime, a fact revealed by the mere titles of the most remarkable novels that have come to us from Australia.

Mr. White, a Victorian prison official, who in old age here records his reminiscences, is concerned at the prevalence of serious crime in his colony. Criminologists, however, tell us that criminality increases in the same ratio as progress and prosperity. Australia shows many signs of robust vitality, even in its days of depression, and has no need to be ashamed that it has produced some robust criminals. Of these, the most remarkable is probably the famous leader of the Kelly gang, Edward Kelly, whose career Mr. White traces, by no means for the first time, but with some fullness, and with considerable accuracy.

Ned Kelly, as he is usually called, was born in 1854 near Kilmore, in Victoria, but his ancestors came from Ireland, and on both sides the future outlaw may be said to have had outlawry in his blood. His maternal grandfather, James Quin, was a notorious horse-stealer; his paternal grandfather took part in the Irish insurrec-

tion of 1798, while his father, who was transported for an agrarian outrage in Tipperary, is described as a man who possessed all the virtues of his race, but with something of the rebel in him that would not harmonize with civilization. At an early age, Kelly and his younger brother began to follow in the steps of their ancestors, but went little beyond horse-stealing until a fray occurred in which a constable was wounded. This incident is still obscure; it is said the constable made improper advances to Kelly's sister, but in any case Kelly was intensely exasperated, especially as his mother, to whom he was always devotedly attached, was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for wielding a frying-pan in the fray. Thenceforth the Kellys took to the bush. The Kelly Country, as it is sometimes called, covers about 1600 square miles in the north-east of Victoria, a wild and picturesque region of forest and valley and mountain. All over this district and beyond it, the outlaws had friends and sympathizers; an army of police detectives, spies and blacks, were on their track, but they were always warned in time, although a price of £8000 was set on the heads of the four chief outlaws. When an encounter occurred it was the police who left their dead on the field, and on one occasion indeed, the police preferred to hide under the beds of their hotel rather than fight. Kelly's men were mostly of ferocious character, but he had them under perfect control; while his sister Kate was ready to leap into her saddle by day or by night to carry messages or food, or to test the trustworthiness of waverers. The outlaws wore iron caps and breastplates fashioned from ploughshares, which withstood the best modern rifles. Kelly himself is described as a fine and noble-looking man, tall and well-proportioned, with a flowing brown beard. He never permitted any unnecessary violence, was always ready to respond to an appeal to sentiment, and showed the greatest consideration for women and children. His chief exploits consisted in "sticking up" banks. The raid on the Euroa bank, here described at length, is a wonderful example of his generalship and of that fine economy of means in attaining a startling success which stamps the master-mind. It was necessary to obtain a base for the operation; coming down with his three men to a squatter's station near the town, he quietly explained what he wanted, obtained refreshment, and even kept his victims in good humour. In a few hours all hands on the station, including several gentlemen who were armed, were left locked up in the store-room, within a few yards of the railroad, in charge of one of the band. On the same afternoon, in broad daylight, the outlaws drove up in two carts to the bank in the centre of the town. A revolver was held at the manager's head before he had time to seize his own from the table before him, all the gold and notes were secured to the amount of nearly £3000, and Kelly was soon on terms of the "utmost good feeling and affability" with Mrs. Scott. Then he harnessed the manager's buggy, and the whole household was invited to depart, Mrs. Scott driving the buggy. The raid was arranged for bank-closing time, and the townspeople supposed that the Scotts were starting on a pleasure trip. The bank party were left at the squatter's station with the others, now over forty in number; Kelly gave strict orders that no one was to leave the house for three hours after the departure of the gang, and so great was his moral authority that none disobeyed him. An end came at last to the impunity of the outlaws, and they were surrounded by overwhelming numbers. Even then Kelly himself escaped, but returned to give himself up, seeing that his men were doomed; when the police in the early dawn saw the tall figure, on which their shots produced no effect, we are told that some thought they had seen a ghost and were overcome with terror. Kelly was executed; the other outlaws had committed suicide. There are curious points of resemblance in Kelly's story to the story of the famous old English criminal, Robin Hood. But while Robin Hood's story has been softened and idealized by the ballad-makers, Kelly's exploits have been vulgarized by the reporter and the police-court. We are not in the possession of the sheriff of Nottingham's views regarding Robin Hood; Kelly's story is told exclusively by the representatives of law and order. The resemblance in the stories is, however, real; they are

both episodes in an imperfectly evolved society, in which much of the virtue and more of the skill is on the side of the rebels.

A HISTORY OF PAINTING.

"A Text-Book of the History of Painting." By John C. Van Dyke, L.H.D., Professor of the History of Art in Rutgers's College. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

THE attempt to write a little volume of less than three hundred pages which shall contain a "concise teachable" history of painting in the western world, from the times of the ancient Egyptians to the present day, "for class-room use in schools and colleges," must obviously lead the most competent writer into a series of absurdities: yet this is what Professor Van Dyke has endeavoured to do. The Italian School alone could not be properly treated within the limits of his volume: the plan of the book is an impossible one, and a writer of any really critical ability would not have attempted it. One consequence of this extreme brevity is that many important masters are dismissed in single sentences of this kind: "Giotto (1324?-1357?) was a supposed imitator of Giotto, of whom little is known"; or "Salvator Rosa (1615-1673), best known as one of the early painters of landscape." Remarks such as these, which abound in Mr. Van Dyke's book, may be quite sufficient for all purposes of "cramming" and "exams"; but they contain, beyond the dates, no fact or criticism of any value whatever: they can only add to the drudgery of school life. Paolo Uccello, Andrea Castagno, Benozzo Gozzoli, Baldovinetti, Antonio del Pollajuolo, and Cosimo Rosselli, are similarly dismissed with the meaningless assertion, that they "can hardly be looked upon as improvements upon the young leader," Masaccio. That and nothing more about so astonishing a master of decorative painting as Benozzo Gozzoli! Surely, it would have been more profitable to consider Antonio del Pollajuolo as the painter of the nude, who prepared the way for Signorelli; and, also, to have mentioned Piero del Pollajuolo. The writer, who devotes less than two lines of his book to this important group of artists, and nearly two pages to such farthing rushlights as Trumbull, Vanderlyn, Allston, Peale, and Sully, cannot be said to show a sound critical faculty: nor can he be said to write English, when he remarks of Orcagna that "his art was further along toward the Renaissance than that of any other Giottesque." We trust for the reputation of Rutgers's College, that this jargon is considered good literature in America; and that such phrases as "in methods Giotto was more knowing, but not essentially different from his contemporaries," or "the fundamental make-up of the Greek mind," do not arouse in the mind of the reader at New York the same emotions which they do here in London.

But even when Mr. Van Dyke treats his subject at greater length, we cannot sufficiently marvel at some of his criticisms. Correggio, we are told, "was the Faun of the Renaissance": "free animal spirits, laughing madonnas, raving nymphs, excited children of the wood, and angels of the sky pass and repass through his pictures in an atmosphere of pure sensuousness." Of Leonardo da Vinci, we read, that "he was not in any sense a classicist, nor had he any care for the antique marbles"; "he was more in love with physical life without being an enthusiast over it": that Michael Angelo "was more of the Old Testament than the New"; "he had no tenderness nor any winning charm": and that the Sistine Madonna of Raphael "is more intellectual than pietistic, a Christian Minerva ruling rather than helping to save the world." Such remarks, even when they are not absolutely erroneous, can only prove worse than useless to the student of painting, who is approaching the subject for the first time. In the chapter on French Painting, although Puvion de Chavannes is duly mentioned, and such painters as Cabanel and Bouguereau are spoken of at length; yet so great an artist as Gustave Moreau is nowhere mentioned. Again, the chapter on British Painting is very inadequate. The great school of miniaturists, in whom the art of English portrait-painting had its origin, the school of Hilliard,

the Olivers, Flatman, Hoskins, and Cooper, is passed over in silence: neither William Dobson, nor John Greenhill, is mentioned by name; although scores of painters having far less pretensions to art than these men are duly enumerated. To judge from his remarks about Hogarth, Mr. Van Dyke cannot have seen any fine example of that master. Hogarth, he tells us, "was more of an illustrator, a moralist, a satirist, than a painter." "It does not appear in his work that he possessed much artistic feeling." "His brush was rather dry, his color hot and not too harmonious, his drawing sharp and often faulty." That is no criticism of Hogarth's painting at its best: nor will the youthful student gain any very clear or correct notion of William Blake's art by finding him classed with Wilkie and Landseer among the "Genre-Painters"! Mr. Van Dyke has, however, the good sense to rate Mr. Whistler at his proper value; but he, also, has the misfortune to speak of his work in this way: "Apparently very sketchy, it is in reality the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort." How characteristically wrong is this! To the outsider, who knows nothing of art, Mr. Whistler's work is no doubt sketchy; the maximum of effect with an apparent minimum of effort. But the effort necessary to produce Mr. Whistler's work is, surely, the highest possible effort: *summa ars est celare artem*. On the whole we credit Mr. Van Dyke with the best of intentions: and we commend his book in being admirably adapted to mislead young persons.

A BOOK OF SPORT.

"Gun, Rifle, and Hound in East and West." By Snaffle. London: Chapman & Hall.

IF a man while doing garrison duty in various parts of the world has shot elephants, rabbits, and snipe, there is no particular reason, save the restraining influence of modesty (from which Snaffle is singularly free) why he should not mix the lot together under the general head of "Shikat," and make an exceedingly dull book, which for many reasons the public may not care to read, still less to buy. As a matter of fact, such books are constantly appearing, and as publishers accept them we must suppose they are read by some one besides reviewers. Not many works, however, are so carelessly "pitchforked together" as is "Gun, Rifle, and Hound." From sport to sport "Snaffle" hurries us (without in the least banishing our regret at having to accompany him), from Ceylon to Devonshire and back again *via* Mauritius, without preserving any proper sequence in his narrative.

"The Badger, and how he is hunted," is one of the best chapters; the moonlight hunt with three couple of dachshunds, when Friend Isegrim is bagged after a bustling run round his home wood, is rather spirited, and is an uncommon bit of sport which not many people have had the luck to see. The great superiority of the German dachshund over his British brother is rather strongly insisted on; indeed the latter is denounced as useless for all practical purposes. Yet we are under the impression that all dogs of the species hunt whenever they get the chance; and why should the energies of the English breed be always misdirected?

It may be said to the credit of "Snaffle" that he hunted his tigers on foot (the only really exciting form of the pursuit), so that, though he has brought dullness of narrative to a fine art, his tiger-shooting anecdotes are less tedious than they might have been had he been at liberty to inflict upon us the details of preparation for beating the jungle with elephants. For he usually devotes more time and paper to telling us how he put on his boots or ate his breakfast than how he killed his game. "Snaffle" appears to have shot a good many elephants in Ceylon, though it is not so apparent why the poor beasts should be slaughtered at all except when they turn "rogue," for the Ceylon elephants having no tusks, must be worthless when dead; it may be, however, at the time of which "Snaffle" writes, that they were too plentiful and there was a Government reward for their destruction.

Of course the author has the usual narrow escape from a cobra when he is plunging about in a snipe-bog with insufficiently protected legs; but this is *de rigueur* in all

Indian narrative, so he merely adds one more to the long list of the unbitten. Nothing short of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's talent will make these stories thrilling until there is a well-authenticated instance of a European having fallen a victim to the poison fangs.

A curious trick of the writer is that of making a mystery about the names of places. That he should speak of "V" or "F" is intelligible enough: those two mighty hunters may wish more or less to have their identity concealed; but what possible object can there be in saying that "there were a lot of snipe at —, a place some dozen miles distant from Point de Galle," or, if this was necessary, why not leave us in ignorance of Point de Galle as well? Again, he talks of being quartered in Rajpootana, in the cantonment of —pore (the name of his regiment, by the way, is never mentioned). Was there anything discreditable in living at quarters assigned to Her Majesty's troops?

The shark-shooting in the Mauritius is a capital idea, and reflects much credit on its inventor, R—, of the — Highlanders. Once more, why the — Highlanders? No Highland or other regiment is ever ashamed of its title. The account ends with about the only good story in the book, which does not abound in humour. A man wishing to bathe in a Ceylon river, asked a native to show him a place where there were no alligators, and was taken to a pool close to the estuary. After his dip, the European asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool.

"Because, sar," replied the Cingalese, "plenty 'fraid of sharks."

The hints as to equipment, and especially as to arms, necessary for a sporting campaign in wild countries are simple and, no doubt, useful, but we can warn short-sighted gunners not to flatter themselves that Snaffle's advice to rub a little pure glycerine over spectacles before beginning work in wet weather will end their difficulties and annoyance. The glycerine makes the glasses cloudy at once, so that the wearer has not to wait for rain or mist to dim them, but there is no other particular advantage to be derived from the operation.

The worst fault of all in "Gun, Rifle, and Hound" is the intolerable quantity and quality of the padding. It is difficult to understand how any one can have the effrontery to put into a book such rubbish as "Rabbit-Shooting," "My First Twelfth," "Wild Duck Shooting in the East Indies," "The First of September," and, alas, various other chapters which fill out the bulk of this volume. That sort of thing does very well for "letters home"; but the requirements of a book are different, and there can be no excuse for "Snaffle" unless his publisher purchases by weight, a form of literary contract both unlikely and unusual.

THE OLD ASTRONOMY.

"The Planet Earth." By R. A. Gregory. London: Macmillan.

ABOUT fifty years since Astronomy, the oldest and sedatest of the sciences, did in a manner lose its sobriety. Before then it had been, in its severe intellectuality, one of the most bracing of all possible subjects, a matter of patient measurement and pure cool geometry, but the spectroscope and, later, photography, unhinged it; it became picturesque, eloquent, popular, and singularly loose in its presentation. So much that is wonderful has been discovered, and writers for the general public have been so anxious to give their readers the benefit of these recent discoveries, that they hurried over the older matter of the science altogether. The old astronomy had been hard and cold, a fine skeleton at the best; modern writers have been so eager to present their science as no longer fleshless that they have too often omitted the bones. As a consequence the astronomical knowledge of the general reader is undoubtedly broad and florid, full of fine impressions about the photosphere of the sun, magnetic storms, and the proper motion of the fixed stars, but at the same time it is indubitably flabby. And there is certainly room for this little book by Mr. Gregory, recalling us to the older and intellectually far more valuable aspect of his science. We all believe that the earth is a sphere, that it rotates

on its axis, and that the planets revolve round the sun, but it is amazing how few people can give a reason for these beliefs. With most it is sheer credulity; we take these propositions from the astronomer "because he is so eminently trustworthy" as the unfortunate Sandhurst candidate took the propositions of Euclid. What is worse, we teach them ready-made to boys and girls when we might just as well make them, as this book witnesses, into a very pretty and very attractive exercise in observation and discovery. Mr. Gregory begins by introducing his reader to the constellations, and the small star maps he gives include every star of importance visible in our latitudes; then he demonstrates the shape of the earth and its rotation, explains the method by which its size and mass have been ascertained, and concludes with an inductive study of the planetary motions. It is all wonderfully logical and clear, but his chapter on the planets is, we think, particularly good; the figure illustrating the looped path of Mars, on p. 95, being indeed a strikingly original and clever bit of exposition. The account of Foucault's pendulum experiment, too, that severest test of the astronomical writer, is also remarkably luminous, and altogether we have a very able, interesting, and educationally most valuable addition to popular scientific literature in this unpretending little book.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

"The Egyptian Book of the Dead, the most ancient and the most important of the ancient religious texts of Ancient Egypt." Edited by Charles H. S. Davis, M.D. London: Putnam. 1894.

DR. DAVIS has taken great pains and employed a certain amount of research to produce a book which can only be described as of the second class. This is the besetting sin of American compilers. They have a limited number only of English books. Of these they make a limited use. Where there is a choice they seem invariably to prefer French to English authorities. Dr. Davis has thus used the work of M. Pierret instead of that of half-a-dozen English Egyptologists who could have served his purpose better. He does not spare himself trouble, and has actually translated M. Pierret's translation of the "Book of the Dead" when he might have had it much more correctly in English. His knowledge of Dr. Wallis Budge's work seems to be nearly confined to his elementary book "The Mummy," and he has evidently never heard of the papyrus of Ani, published four years ago and now already in a second edition, or of the papyrus of Nesi-Amsu, published in the fifty-second volume of the "Archæologia" of the Society of Antiquaries. Again, he says nothing of M. Naville, who would surely have been a very superior authority to M. Pierret. Besides, in Egyptology most books become obsolete in a few years. What was good enough in the seventies was under suspicion in the eighties, and is worse than useless now. If we undertake to instruct English readers in "The Book of the Dead" we must be acquainted with what has been done in England lately. Second-hand and second-rate information may be good enough for America. Here, as Dr. Davis would know if he attended some of Mr. Flinders Petrie's lectures in Gower Street, or some of Mr. Boscawen's in the British Museum, hieroglyphics are studied by a wide and ever widening circle, and by men, women, and children of all ranks. We must have new and original teaching, and be illuminated by the latest lights. Mr. Le Page Renouf is good authority, but his work on "The Book of the Dead" is still incomplete, and Dr. Davis is mistaken in saying that it is the only English version. He himself mentions that of the late Dr. Birch.

The contents of the volume are rather heterogeneous. Dr. Davis commences with an essay on the mythology and religion of primitive peoples. Next we have a disquisition on the Egyptian pantheon, which contains nothing newer or better than what we have in "Murray" or "Baedeker." The chapter on mythology and religion in Ancient Egypt is more interesting, as the author discriminates between different periods in a way commonly neglected, and recognizes that the lapse of millenniums brought changes. He also sees clearly that,

especially in the latest period, all kinds of worship were united. "Monotheism, pantheism, polytheism, worship of ancestors, of animals, and of the heavenly bodies are all commingled in it in various proportions." And again, a little further on: "the root ideas of the religion of Egypt retained its distinctive features in spite of all local diversities and political changes. The priest would admit that he whom they identified at Heliopolis as Ra was the same as he whom they worshipped at Memphis as Ptah, and at Thebes as Amen, but they never agreed to abolish their pantheism in favour of one, or only one supreme deity." The last stage of all, when Egypt had become known to the Greeks and the Romans, was by far the grossest and most corrupt. "It is a singular fact," remarks Dr. Davis, "that the doctrine of one God and that of many gods were taught by the same men; as no inconsistency between the two doctrines was thought of." Dr. Davis goes on to quote many monotheistic passages from ancient hymns to prove the point. He next treats of the moral code, and finishes the chapter with a well-arranged passage from Dr. Budge's "Dwellers on the Nile"—a very old book of his, by the way—as to the Egyptian conception of the greatness of the Deity.

A description of "The Book of the Dead" follows: Dr. Davis dwells on its great antiquity, on its supposed inspiration, on its faith in the persistence of the human personality after death; and remarks that in it we have the earliest written religious treatise in the world. He says, somewhat vaguely, "there is probably not a Hebrew manuscript of the Old Testament which is a thousand years old," and might have said "five hundred years." There are extant Egyptian writings of 4000 years ago and more. It is impossible even to approximate to the date of King Unas, though Brugsch gives it as B.C. 3333, a low estimate. Yet the walls of the two largest chambers, and two of the corridors of his pyramid Nefer-as-u, which was cleared out at the expense of Mr. Cook in 1881, are covered with passages from the ritual, prayers and hymns much older than the oldest papyrus yet found. Dr. Davis makes no attempt to reconcile the discrepancies between M. Naville and M. Maspero, one of whom asserts that the names, number, and order of the chapters has always been the same: while M. Naville thinks they were first set in order under the Saite Kings of B.C. 700. But the book of Ani, already mentioned, belongs to at least B.C. 1500, and being very complete settles the question in M. Maspero's favour. The "Book of the Dead" was intended to instruct the soul, in highly figurative language, of what would befall it hereafter, of the trial of its faith, of the weighing of its good and evil deeds, of its upright walk, and above all, of its final justification and triumphant reception by the gods into the Elysian fields and happy hunting-grounds of paradise.

ICELANDIC SAGAS.

"The Orkneyingers' Saga." Translated by Sir G. W. Dasent. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1894.

"The Saga of Hakon and a fragment of the Saga of Magnus." Translated by Sir G. W. Dasent. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1894.

WITHOUT a word of explanation or excuse, with a bewildering absence of the most ordinary practices of an editor, the Master of the Rolls flings these clumsy volumes at the head of whomever they may concern. To any reader who does not possess a rather long memory, their apparition must be absolutely inexplicable. What are these strange productions? he will ask, and why are they produced in this amazing form? If, however, he happens to recollect the fact, he says to himself, Here, at last, after all this unconscionable time of waiting, are the remainders of "Orkneyinga Saga" and of "Hakonar Saga," put forth, in fragmentary form, by the Record Office so long ago as 1887. What has the department been doing in these seven years? Can it vouchsafe no word to account for so long a period of inaction? In 1887 the Icelandic text of the two Sagas was issued, in a form for all practical purposes useless,

since no translation was given. Here at last is the translation, but without a text, and without any sort of intimation that a text was ever published. Meanwhile, the great scholar to whom the work was entrusted, Gudbrand Vigfussen, has passed away. He died in 1889. Will it be believed that the Record Office does not refer to that fact, that it simply expunges the name of Vigfussen from its title-pages? It is only in a great public office that such cynicism and such negligence are possible.

The English translation has been entrusted to Sir George Dasent, whose labours in Icelandic literature have now extended over more than half a century. His translation is competent and clear, and if somewhat languid as a narrative, it but reflects in this respect the prolix original, in which the primal elements of romance are present, indeed, but in a diluted and prosaic form. The "Orkneyinga Saga" is now believed to have been composed in the eleventh century, and to be the oldest fragment of the classic historical age in Iceland which we now possess. Of many of the Icelandic chronicle sagas, the names of the authors have come down to us, but even report is silent in this case. Content, however, with the criticism and the bibliography which Vigfussen has, in other places, dedicated to "Orkneyinga," Sir George Dasent offers us no critical apparatus of any kind. His introduction deals exclusively with geographical questions. He endeavours to trace and to fix the topography of the saga, and to identify in Shetland, Orkney, and Caithness those spots which are mentioned in "Orkneyinga." His essay on this subject is full, and of remarkable interest; but the Record Office has done its best to render his investigations useless. By a parsimony that is well-nigh inconceivable, it has refused to append to this volume, so purely geographical, any map of the district described, and so the reader, unless he provides himself with a special chart, a thing not very easy to do, is unable to make use of a single page of the introduction, or follow Sir George Dasent intelligibly in one of his deductions. A book has to be issued by "Her Majesty's Stationery Office" to dare to be so baldly incomplete.

Seven years ago, when the first portions of these volumes made their appearance, we concentrated our attention on "Orkneyinga," and on the history of its famous MS. of the fourteenth century. It may, therefore, be convenient on the present occasion to speak mainly of the "Hakonar Saga." This is an undoubted composition of the greatest of the Icelandic historians, Sturla Thordsson, and it is believed that he was occupied in writing it through the years 1264 and 1265. The text which Vigfussen used, and on which, as we suppose, Sir George Dasent has based his translation, was one constructed out of "Skalholtbók" and "Flateybók," with the help of other more fragmentary codices. This text is far preferable to those previously issued by Scandinavian scholars, and may be taken as probably final. We are never likely to know what the proper condition should be of the close of the saga, which, it may be conjectured, never received Sturla's final revision. This history occupied his exile, after his flight from Iceland to Bergen in 1263, and it was Vigfussen's theory that he began it in March of the following year, as soon as the death of King Hakon reached him.

The "Hakonar Saga" covers an exceedingly interesting period of Norwegian history in the thirteenth century. It opens with the birth of Hakon, a posthumous and illegitimate son of King Hakon Sverri, in 1204. The death of Ingi, in 1217, left this boy of thirteen the main pretender to the throne. The main doubt was whether he was really the son of Sverri, and this had to be settled by subjecting Inga, his mother, to the ordeal by hot iron. This was for the time being avoided by a trick or an accident, but Hakon was decided to be "king-born on his father's side right up to heathendom," and was unanimously elected king at Throndhjem. The next ten years, closing with the submission of the Ribbald King in 1227, formed an epoch of constant strife and confusion, marked by the gradual acceptance of Hakon's claim to the throne by all sections of the turbulent race. When Hakon was fourteen, his mother was forced to undergo the ordeal which she had avoided, and she came triumphantly out of it. As he grew older, his opponents became concentrated in the body of marauders, called the Ribbalds, who revolted against him

with varying success for several years, until he finally crushed them. He drove the last of the rebel band into the recesses of Vermland, and there his freemen caught Magnus Leafcoat, the king of the Ribbalds, and hanged him.

During all this time, the authority of the young king was hampered by the assumptions of Earl Skuli, brother of the late king and guardian of the realm through Hakon's infancy. Hitherto, though with ever-rising differences and jealousies, the two had outwardly remained friends. But after five years of peace at home, and some rather obscure fighting in the Orkneys and the Hebrides, Hakon and Skuli came to open dispute in 1233. Sturla relates with considerable gusto, and like a man describing what has passed under his own eyes, the Thing which met at Bergen to listen to the king's charges against the earl, but he omits to tell us what the precise nature of these charges was. No open feud broke out in consequence, until 1239, when Skuli allowed himself to be formally proclaimed king at Throndhjem by a Thing composed of partizans of his own. All this part of the saga is elaborate and difficult, requiring considerable attention on the part of the reader. It is by no means obscure, however, to a careful student, and it is of extraordinary interest as throwing light on the constitutional practices of the Norwegians of the thirteenth century. According to our ideas the tenuity of Hakon's claim was extreme; yet thin and almost invisible as the thread was which bound him to the hearts of his people, it was woven out of a recognized blood-relation with the direct line of royalty, which no one could successfully or without impiety ignore. On the 21st of April 1240, at the great sea-battle in Oslo Fjord, the enemies of Hakon were finally routed, and his grasp of the sceptre secured. The historian gives many pages to a graphic and jubilant description of this victory, the importance of which he fully realizes.

After the battle of Oslo, Hakon reigned for twenty-three years without meeting with any further serious interference with his rights divine. In 1247, Cardinal William, as the saga calls him, arrived in Norway in an English ship, sent by the Pope to officiate at the coronation of Hakon. The ceremony is minutely described by the chronicler; it was marked by such splendour as the cardinal had not expected to find in so remote a country as Norway. Awnings of green and red cloth made a passage between the king's house and the church, which was "all hung with dyed cloth and good quilts, with silk and velvet shot with gold." The office was succeeded by a festival so magnificent that a contemporary poet described it as "spread to the very skirts of heaven"; while a whole navy of golden vessels, laden with precious wines, struck their sides against "the teeth-rocks" of a multitude of guests, pouring their precious cargo down that profusion of thirsty gullets.

We must not prolong our survey of the story of King Hakon Hakonson, as told in the saga by his faithful admirer. His reign of fifty years came to an end at last on the 15th of December 1263, when he died, after six weeks' illness, in the Bishop's Palace at Kirkwall in Orkney, where he thought to pass the winter. The place of "Hakonar Saga" in the series of chronicles and memorials of English History, issued by the Rolls Office in accordance with a minute of the Treasury of 1857, is one which will not excite much cavilling. It is fully justified by those passages in the history where the scene is transferred from Norway to what is now Great Britain; as when, from 1228 to 1231, the affairs of Scotland and the Kingdom of Man occupied Hakon, and Ospak attacked Bute and Cantire with eighty ships. In 1242, moreover, Alexander of Scotland sent envoys to Hakon, proposing to buy the southern Hebrides; this offer was rejected, but in 1248, when the King's daughter Cecilia wedded Harold of Man, that island was ceded in name. To the close of his reign, however, Hakon clung to practical sovereignty throughout the Southern Islands, those *sudöer*, whose name still clings to the obsolete title of the Bishops of Sodor and Man.

To the close of this volume is appended a version of all that remains of "Magnus Saga," dealing with the period from 1263 to 1280. Two vellum leaves in the Arne-Magnæan Collection and a few passages in the Annals are all that have come down to us of what must have been an important composition by Sturla. Vigfussen

believed that what we possess as "Magnus Saga" is merely a segment of an abridgment of Sturla's original text. It consists of somewhat bald narratives of certain of King Magnus's movements in the years immediately succeeding the death of his father Hakon. In an appendix is given "Dunstan Saga," one of the numerous Icelandic Lives of the Saints, probably compiled, from a Latin original written in England, by Arni Laurensen, a Benedictine monk of Thingsyri, in the early part of the fourteenth century. This is worth possessing, though we cannot see, nor does the editor vouchsafe to explain, what possible connexion it has with the two historical sagas.

We cannot close this review without calling attention to the ugly form in which these books are issued. We do not ask for an *édition de luxe* of Icelandic Sagas, although Mr. William Morris gives us that, but for common decency of presentment we do ask. These ugly volumes, bound in a cheap Roxburghe cloth that breaks when we open the volume, printed with common type and not even straight in the page, thrust upon us without maps or facsimiles, in rude and neglectful baldness, would not do honour to the newspaper office of a West Indian Colony. They are little short of a disgrace to those hardened offenders, "Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty." A secure monopoly and an easy conscience are delightful possessions.

NOVELS.

"Love and Quiet Life." By Walter Raymond. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894.

THE opening of Mr. Raymond's "Love and Quiet Life" is rather tedious, for the story drags, the dialect is boring, and the "staging" is bewildering. Yet if for these or other reasons the reader impatiently leaves the book early in its perusal, he will assuredly lose much. For Mr. Raymond has gifts, and puts them on occasion to excellent use. He seems to have thought it his duty to the public (or publisher) to run a thread of middle-class love-story through the book, but this does not prevent his talents for describing rustic life breaking through. He can see some things very clearly; he has a picturesque, unaffected style, and a very fine sense of humour. Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the little heed paid to construction by English readers and writers than such a book as this; the author has not made the slightest attempt at literary architecture, has not taken the pains to give the book the slightest appearance of organic unity. You could cut away all the "plot" and the chief characters in it, and leave the rest almost untouched to form another (and better) book. You could cut away nearly all the rustic description business—most of which is, strictly speaking, irrelevant—and find a poor little "short story," which would be bettered rather than otherwise by the disentanglement. Yet the writer, who thus greatly spoils the artistic effect of his work, has much of the artistic equipment and skill; no doubt he would not recklessly neglect composition, if it were not for the general contempt in which it seems to be held by the public (and its guides) nowadays. But it is a pity that Mr. Raymond, who has learned much of Mr. Hardy, should not have learned a little more. As it is, he must be thanked, at any rate, for some very pathetic, humorous, and convincing sketches of peasant life.

"The Pilgrims." By W. Carlton Dawe. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1894.

There is much that is commendable in "The Pilgrims." Mr. Carlton Dawe seems to have set himself to make a thorough study of the hypocrisy of the unco guid, and he has done it well, though not without an occasional lapse into the exaggeration from which his quiet irony generally saves him. The scene of his story is a mining community near Bendigo, peopled in the main by Cornish immigrants and their descendants. The Trevarron family, consisting of a widow and two daughters, was among these. The head of the household had lost his life in an accident, upon which sad event Joseph Polgarth, the manager of the mines and the chief pillar of the

church, came to the help of the sorrowing wife and children. "He sent for a doctor, and interviewed him when he came, conveyed the good news to the girls that their mother only wanted rest and quietness, saw to the father's funeral, and accompanied Ruth and Grace in the mourning coach to witness the last solemn rites. After the sad ceremony he kissed Ruth as a father would, told her that she was to rely upon him for everything, that he would be as a father to her now, and that he should feel extremely annoyed if she did not treat him as such. But the poor girl could only say, 'Thank you, oh, thank you,' and weep in his arms." By means of the position this middle-aged deacon thus obtains with the family, and by means of the pressure he puts upon Ruth in connexion with the support of her mother, he is able to corrupt the young girl. The interest of the books lies not more in the way she accepts her fate than in the skill with which the story is gradually revealed to the reader. The characters are well drawn, while one in particular—Mrs. Joseph Polgarth—is something of a creation; and the book is well written.

"Peg the Rake." By Rita. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.

"Rita" has a marvellous way of keeping up her spirits through three long volumes, which have to be filled with a story that would go very conveniently into about ten pages. Her fluent pen moves along with unflagging vigour; and the reader is left admitting freely that, if the thing is not well done, it is at least wonderful that it is done at all. In "Peg the Rake," the authoress has a dull tale and several lively characters. She has made something of a departure from the ways of her kind in taking as a heroine a middle-aged unmarried woman. Peg belongs to the unattractive class described (by a feminine tongue) as "cats pretending to be kittens"; but one quite understands that her frolicsome demeanour is due not to the aping of youth but to the possession of a youthful heart. She is vulgar, loud, undignified, yet neither uninteresting nor unlovable. Peg was quite worth creating, and "Rita" has delineated her with sympathy and skill; but it is a pity that she could not find something better to do with her than to make her the central figure of a foolish conventional melodrama, and to surround her with a set of stuffed dummies. The making of the book is contemptible regarded as an attempt at a work of art, but it is all right when looked upon as the work of a skilled labourer in the circulating-library industry. We confess to having got a notion from Peg herself that "Rita" has powers of whose existence we never before faintly suspected her.

"First Davenport of Bramhall." By Joseph Bradbury. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

To write a historic novel according to Mr. Bradbury's views the one thing needful seems to be bad grammar. Understand that you = ye = thou = thee in mediæval speech, that variety and freshness of diction are attained by using any of the four at will, that "thou tells" at once transports the reader's imagination into the middle of the fifteenth century, that the use of "me" as the subject to a verb in the mouth of a knight makes the illusion complete, and half the battle is over. The other half is achieved by pouring blood over the pages, making all the characters behave as no human beings ever could have behaved, seasoning with forests, subterranean palaces, precipices, brigands, and priests, and telling a story of portentous dullness at considerable length. That a respectable firm should have accepted such a book as "First Davenport of Bramhall," and spent good money of their own over its publication, seems almost incredible.

"Poste Restante." By C. Y. Hargreaves. 3 vols. London: A. & C. Black. 1894.

"Poste Restante" opens merrily with the promise of wild farce, and it takes half a volume to dispel all the hopes of the reader. A young man with the curious name of Connisterre receives a letter signed with the name of an old acquaintance whom he has not seen since college days. "Let bygones be bygones, and come to me at once. I am dying in this cursed hole," writes

"R. Deane" from Monte Carlo. Connisterre repairs to that haunt of sin; finds R. Deane dead; and is embraced hysterically and effusively by the deceased's charming daughter. It appears that there has been a mistake. R. Deane is not his R. Deane, and he is not the Connisterre who wedded and left Miss Deane. However, he feels he must have compromised her in the eyes of the austere waiters, so he naturally decides to "play his part before the world as her husband" for the time. There is material here for a lively comedy of errors, but the author misses her chance and endeavours to construct a serious romance upon this basis. As she cannot create character, describe incidents, or construct a story, she is not wholly successful. There are, nevertheless, some amusing things in the book, notable among which is the writer's idea of the French tongue. "Voulez-vous donnez moi" and "ma pauvre enfante" are specimens of that interesting tongue as it is spoken in "Poste Restante."

"Mrs. Bouverie." By F. C. Philips. 2 vols. London: Downey & Co. 1894.

The most pleasing thing in Mr. Philips's new novel is its description of the literary life. The hero is rather a nice ingenuous youth. He was "rusticated" at Cambridge, and returned home to be spurred on to nobler effort by a very charming widow of means. Her conclusion that "literature was the best profession for him" decides his fate. "I shall do everything that everybody would like to see at Cambridge," he declares to her. "I shall come back covered like a Jack-in-the-green with laurels; and perhaps just at the commencement, until my books produce an income, I may get an editorship, or something of the kind, to keep the pot boiling. Oh, Mrs. Bouverie! I'll dedicate my first novel to you, in— in gratitude for your encouragement, if I may." She smiles superior at his notions of the easy way in which success is achieved; but Mr. Philips is kind to the boy, and lets him get along almost as fast and far as he himself desires. The author probably knows a good deal about journalism, but that does not hamper him in his description of his youngster's career. There is an agreeable portrait of the weary sub-editor (who, by the way, is not a "sub" but a very different being), an elderly journalistic hack, who occasionally thus encourages the hero in his aspirations: "Every one's ambition was 'rot,' but Frank's was especial rot. Nobody wanted anybody's novels—that might be laid down as an obvious proposition; but for a suckling and a babe to think the world wanted his was a form of vanity calling for severe correction." Frank, of course, scores heavily with his novels, and he is fitly rewarded with the hand of his wealthy publisher's pretty daughter. This publisher, by the way, remarks that most of the MSS. submitted to him show "no style, no characterization, no acquaintance with the most rudimentary laws of fiction." That criticism would not apply to "Mrs. Bouverie." Mr. Philips knows how to tell a light story lightly, and he caters for a public that does not ask for depth, truth, or good writing, so long as the story is readable. And "Mrs. Bouverie" is very readable.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Reign of Queen Anne." By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

IT is well that these "Historical Sketches" of some of the lights of our Augustan age should appear as originally written, and not "stinted of their sizings" as when first published in an American magazine, remorsefully "cut," as the author puts it, "by the stern scissors of a transatlantic Fate." That literature should be sacrificed to "the pictured page," which Wordsworth abhorred, is, perhaps, nothing remarkable. The scissors are a mightier implement than the pen, and "process" lords it over all; proper emblems of the latter-day estate of letters. The restoration of these sketches of Queen Anne's reign to their original form is a boon to sober readers, and no more than is due to the accomplished author. Though the field surveyed is one that has engaged the criticism and research of some of the most brilliant of modern writers, Mrs. Oliphant's volume is pleasing and animated in style, discriminating in judgment, and not wanting in individuality of view and evidence of forethought and reflection. The curious and somewhat complicated story of the relations between Queen Anne and the Churchills is very well told in "The Queen and the Duchess," if somewhat more favourable to the Duchess than some would

have it. Even in the slightest of these essays, as in "The Humourist"—a charming little sketch of Addison's writings and life—Mrs. Oliphant's love for letters and fine literary sense are conspicuous, and render pleasant writing easy and enjoyable reading. In "The Dean" she follows the saner and juster views of Swift, with which later biographers, from Forster to Mr. Craik, have supplanted the misapprehensions and exaggerations of Jeffrey, Macaulay, and others, though Mrs. Oliphant wisely refrains from "throwing the usual stones at Macaulay." The grotesque sketch of Swift in "Esmond" may continue to influence novel-readers, though no serious student can regard it as anything more than violent caricature. No one now heeds the old charge of time-serving, nor hints a doubt as to Swift's sincere attachment to the Church. Mrs. Oliphant's view of his change from Whiggism to Toryism is well put. Swift had rightly a grievance with the Whigs for their ill-usage of him, and richly did they deserve his "defection." Defoe, as "the Journalist," and Penn, as "the Quaker," are worthy companion studies, and complete the series in Mrs. Oliphant's portfolio of Queen Anne portraiture.

"Britain's Naval Power." By Hamilton Williams, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

A Short History of the British Navy is a book that has long been wanted, there being, we believe, nothing in the shape of an abstract, or succinct epitome, of such work as the naval histories of Campbell and James. Mr. Hamilton Williams, Instructor in English Literature to the naval cadets of the *Britannia*, has supplied precisely the book that was wanted in his excellent short History of the Growth of the British Navy, from the times of Alfred the Great to Trafalgar. His method is admirably sound. He has not burdened the page with conjecture or theory, and has discreetly avoided technical discussion. He has made of an inspiring theme a spirit-stirring book, in which, though the long and glorious pageant of victories is naturally predominant, the lessons of disaster are not less forcibly presented than the lessons of successful courage and skill. Thus, the disgraceful dereliction of Benbow's captains in the fight with Du Casse, and the mutiny at the Nore, at Spithead, and on board Captain Pigot's frigate, the *Hermione*, with other portentous affairs, full of instruction and warning, are set forth in Mr. Williams's narrative with the same clearness and force as the achievements of Blake and Sandwich, Benbow and Rooke, Anson and Hawke, Rodney and Hood, Howe, Cornwallis, and Nelson. Nor does Mr. Williams deal with sea-fights alone. He notes points of strategy, and he briefly indicates what was involved in the war. "What it is all about," which was what the little *Wilhelmina* wanted to know in Southey's little poem, is no unimportant part of history. He indicates, also, certain historical signs of naval progress, apart from victorious battles, as when he refers to Keppel's initiation of the practice of coppering our ships of war. Altogether, the story of patriotic spirit and heroic endurance, inseparable from the history of the British Navy, is admirably told in this volume. Some interesting illustrations and useful plans are appended.

"Talk at a Country House." By Sir Edward Strachey, Bart. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

The country house which is the scene and inspiration of the liberal and agreeable discourses comprised in this volume, is situated in a western county that is peculiarly rich in manor-houses of interest to the antiquary and the historian. It has changed with the changing times, it is true, more than have some of them, yet it has sufficient historical associations to suggest meditations on past times. Leland, for instance, visited it and has left some record of it, and among modern archaeologists and historians associated with it we must name Edward Freeman. The persons who held "Talks" at this house are therefore not unregardful of its past. They discuss its history in Leland's time and earlier; in the days when Bess of Hardwicke interested herself in its development, and in its present-day aspects. The family collection of pictures—Henry Strachey, Clive, Colonel William Fitzpatrick, Admiral Watson, and the rest—forms the text of a lively and interesting dialogue between "the Squire" and "Mr. Foster," the Mr. Foster who is a light and a light-keeper in "Headlong Hall." Everybody who knows him will be delighted to meet him once more, and the Squire, we must add, proves himself, by his suggestive and cultured conversation, elect of the brotherhood of good talkers. In the library, or "Great Parlour," books are the subject of talk, and memories of F. D. Maurice, Edward Lear, Freeman, and other striking and extremely diverse personalities, spring therefrom. Full of charm and ease are these talks. That of "Persian Poetry" is especially pleasant. The West-country muse is propitiated with ample rites and perfect sympathy in the descriptive talk on "Riding down to Camelot." Sir Edward Strachey is evidently one who loves "to season the fireside with personal talk," and he is one of the most gifted exponents of the practice that we know. His book is a welcome contribution to a class of literature that can never be large, and must needs be choice.

"Colonial Days and Dames." By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Philadelphia: Lippincott Co. 1895.

Americans, both in New England and in States of older settlement, have of late years been exceedingly assiduous in

studying the days of their youth. The Massachusetts Historical Society, for example, may be cited as proving their newly-born Stow-like diligence in researches. With these graver labours, we have noticed from time to time various retrospective studies of a lighter kind. Several of them, like Mrs. Wharton's pleasant little book—as pretty and tasteful to look upon as it is pleasing within—have issued from Philadelphia. Mrs. Wharton's sketches of old Colonial days are impartially drawn from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Germantown. They deal with the Quakers of Pennsylvania and the Puritan Fathers—and Mothers, we must add—of New England. But the centre of interest is found in the early history of Philadelphia. Reading these bright and piquant chapters in which is sketched the life of old days, when the coach was on the road and mineral oil and steam unknown, the inhabitants of the Quaker city may well regret many of the features of old colonial life.

"Catherine Hutton and her Friends." Edited by her cousin, Mrs. Catherine Hutton Beale. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers. 1895.

This volume is supplementary, to some extent, to the editor's "Reminiscences of a Gentlewoman of the Last Century," which comprised the correspondence of Catherine Hutton, the daughter of William Hutton, the historian of Birmingham. The letters here printed are fully as interesting as those in the previous volume. They comprise the correspondence of the Coltmans of Leicester, in which are many letters by Miss Hutton, and others by the elder Dodsley, Spence, the author of the "Anecdotes," and other notable persons. From one of these letters it would seem that Pope and Spence are the true Fathers of Landscape Gardening. In a letter from Miss Elizabeth Cartwright to Mr. Coltman, to whom she is engaged, she refers to the venerable Joseph Spence as "well known in the literary world as an author, a perfect critic in poetry, painting, and gardening; I mean the Landscape garden, which is a kind of painting." After bidding Mr. C. not to be "jealous," for this Admirable Crichton is older than her father, she adds, "It was he and Pope, and another or two of his friends, who introduced the present taste in gardening, and rescued them from the imprisonment of high walls and clipped hedges." The same young lady addresses her swain in some delightful verses—thirteen stanzas in all, of which we give the first:

"Come, dearest Damon, let us range the fields,
Together taste the sweets of blooming spring;
Taste the pure transport Nature's bounty yields,
While every breeze bears health upon its wing."

There was nothing of the New Woman in Miss Cartwright. Her letters are scarcely less excellent than Miss Hutton's. But we must forbear further quotation, or we should find it hard to stay our hand in drawing upon Mrs. Beale's attractive book.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE newness of the *New Review* under Mr. W. E. Henley's editorial charge, is beyond doubt a considerable newness. There is something of the newness that denotes change—which is for the better. There is also something of the other kind—the *nouveauté* description, or up-to-date newness, which is less remarkable. "The New Ibsen," by Mr. G. W. Stevens, is of this smart sort of novelty. It deals with the new play of the old Ibsen, not with the new Ibsen and his new play. It is an easy transition from the Norse playwright to Mr. William Archer, who contributes a memorial article on Robert Louis Stevenson, which is appropriate in tone and eulogistic. There are two poems by Stevenson—"The Woodman" and "Mater Triumphans"—which we shall not quote, since they will not bear the nice process of selection. The first of these must be read all at once, or not at all. It is Emersonian in spirit. From M. Emile Ollivier we have an interesting, because politely candid, article on the relations of French sentiment towards England. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, we note, in his "Talk of New Alliances," takes an urbanely sceptical view of the prospect of new alliances, and does not, with regard to M. Ollivier's statement of French sentiments, imitate the gentleman who is supposed to have "said ditto to Mr. Burke." Both political articles are of import at the present time. "A Diplomatist," who deals with the Armenian Question, writes with unmeasured certainty of the "natural" enmity between journalism and diplomacy. Mr. G. S. Street's "Eulogy of Charles the Second" is pleasantly done, though the subject can scarcely be said to stir the ironical humour. Charles the Second's merits are too conspicuous for a De Quinceyan treatment.

In the *Fortnightly* for January, the discussion of "The Question of a Second Chamber" is continued by Mr. Swift McNeill and Mr. C. B. Roylance-Kent. Fresh from the study of historical precedents, Mr. McNeill is in favour of packing the House of Lords. That is what his "Short Way with the House of Lords" amounts to. He has discovered that not all peers are Lords of Parliament. Writs of summons have been, and may be, withheld. There is no "startling novelty," he insists, in suspending such writs to peers. Let the Lord Chancellor, backed

by the approval of his Ministerial colleagues, "withhold writs of summons to the House of Lords from peers who were certain to use their position to obstruct the people's will, and to frustrate measures which the Ministers of the Crown asserted on their responsibility to be essential to public order and welfare." In this case, Mr. McNeill would be "curious to know" what remedy the other peers would seek. The suggested answer is simple. Assuming that this unconstitutional attempt to pack the House of Lords in the interests of party was carried out, the peers "ordered to stand wide" by Mr. McNeill's Lord Chancellor would wait until the time came for their Lord Chancellor to pack the House of Lords. Mr. Roylance-Kent adopts another tone. He would not disable one set of peers and make the other the obsequious instrument of the Government of the day. Recognizing the gravity of the question, he laments the "noisy and vague declamation" and disingenuous perversion of facts indulged in by the would-be "enders" or "menders" of the House of Lords. He thinks there are good reasons for the reform of that House, "but the worst service the Radicals can do to the cause which they maintain is to give bad reasons for the conclusion they have reached." Among other noteworthy articles in the *Fortnightly* are Captain Eardley Wilmot's "Collapse of China at Sea," Mr. Sidney Whitman's "Count Moltke," and a fourth instalment of Sir Evelyn Wood's extremely interesting recollections of the Crimean War. In a paper on Rubinstein, Mr. Haweis describes the greatest pianist of his time as "a prodigious emotional accumulator," and records the singular fact that he sometimes broke—not the "strings" of the piano, but the "hammers."

Short contributions are the rule with *Macmillan*, and in this month's issue there is no lack of the point and life that should attend brevity. The delightful paper on Xenophon as a sportsman, "A Day with Xenophon's Harriers," is sufficient in itself to give distinction to the magazine. It is written by a keen sportsman and good scholar. In "The Hunters of the North Pacific," Mr. Rees Davies gives an interesting account of the sea-otter and seal fisheries of the north-western Japanese coast and the Kurile islands. Froissart as a poet is discussed by Mr. J. C. Macaulay in "Froissart the Lover." The writer differs from Chaucer's latest editor on the question of Froissart's debt to Chaucer in the "Paradys d'Amours." If there was obligation, it was the other way, Mr. Macaulay observes.

The *English Illustrated* is a capital number, Mr. Philip Norman's "Historic London Houses" is descriptive of Sir John Leslie's eighteenth-century house in Stratford Place, with its beautiful ceilings and other decorations by Angelica Kauffman; and of Schomberg House—the "only house in Pall Mall," as some one said, all the rest being modern architecture; and of Chesterfield House, Bourdon House, the Premier's House in Downing Street, and Scarsdale House, Kensington. This chatty and well-informed article is very well illustrated by Mr. Norman. Perhaps the most popular paper is that on Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, by Mr. Hanson Lewis—an "interview" supplementary to Mr. Maskelyne's recent volume "Sharps and Flats." Other contributions, by Mr. Stanley Weyman and Mr. Gilbert Parker, must be named among the attractions of a varied number.

The *Century* comprises a further instalment of Mr. W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," with some good engravings after portraits, and other illustrations; a series of "Festivals in American Colleges for Women," illustrated by Mr. Irving Wiles and Mr. W. Z. Metcalfe; a note on Govaert Flinck, by Mr. Timothy Cole, with a fine engraving by the author after a portrait of that old Dutch master; and "Scenes in Canton," an article descriptive of the punishment of prisoners and the river-side population, illustrated by some admirable drawings. Among the "Open Letters" is a well-named note by Mrs. Leonard on the proposal to give the suffrage to women.

Harper's is strong in topographical articles, and the illustrations to these are among the best that have appeared in this magazine. Mr. Ralph's "Charleston and the Carolinas" is especially admirable, both for the excellence of the illustrations and the brightness and force of the writer's description. In "Fujisan," Mr. Alfred Parsons devotes pen and pencil to a land that fascinates all artists. His exquisite drawings are beautifully reproduced. Mr. Janvier's interesting account of "New York Slave-Dealers" is also notable for the fair rendering of Mr. Howard Pyle's drawings. "With the Hounds in France" is a spirited description of stag-hunting as observed not a hundred miles from Paris by the American stranger, and is adorned with capital pictures by MM. Paul Tavernier and A. F. Jaccaci.

The *Portfolio* monograph, if less novel in theme than last month's, is devoted to one of the most popular of artistic subjects, "The Early Work of Raphael," by Mrs. Henry Ady, whose knowledge and initial insight are displayed with admirable effect in this survey of Raphael's life and productions previous to his Roman period. The illustrations comprise, inevitably, many works widely known through repeated engraving and photographic reproduction. Among them are some excellent renderings of drawings less familiar, such as the exquisite "Madame" in the Malcolm Collection.

L'Art never fails to appeal to both the literary and the artistic interests of art, and in its Christmas extra issue is remarkably attractive in both respects. The frontispiece to this number is a fine rendering by M. Poynot of the "Pet Parrot" of Morland. M. Ernest Chesneau's further contribution to "Peintres Anglais Contemporains" deals with the pre-Raphaelite movement and its development, with particular reference to Sir E. Burne-Jones, of whose "Love among the Ruins" the writer is an ardent admirer.

In *Longman's*, the imagination is stirred by the touching little poem addressed to "S. C.," from the Isle of Apemama in the far Pacific, and accentuated by the pathos of the sound of a voice that is still and the grievous sense of irremediable loss. Yet is there something of the "trumpet of a prophecy" in this last example of Stevenson's poetry:

"A sea enchanted, on a lampless isle,
Enviros and confines their wandering child
In vain."

NOTES.

THE much-abused adjective "weird" is aptly applied to the work of that master of the grim and fantastic, the late Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu, some of whose finest conceptions are included in "The Watcher, and other Weird Stories" (Downey & Co.), illustrated by Brinsley Sheridan Le Fanu. These reprinted stories comprise the admirable "Purcell Papers," originally contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine*, with "The Watcher," the dénouement of which is one of the best imagined and most moving scenes in the whole range of the author's work.

The fourth and concluding volume of the illustrated edition of "A Short History of the English People" (Macmillan & Co.), edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate, calls for little notice here, since we have dealt with its many admirable features during its course of serial publication. It were needless to commend further the excellence of the illustrations, their value as comment on the text, their comprehensive scope, and the extremely useful notes that accompany them. The additional matter to the present volume comprises chronological and genealogical tables, with a complete general index to all four volumes. There is also a capital map illustrating the growth of the Metropolis from Roman times to the present day.

The new volume of the "Mermaid" series of the best Old Plays is devoted to a second instalment of "Ben Jonson," (Fisher Unwin), made up of "Cynthia's Revels," "Bartholomew Fair," and "Sejanus." As with other volumes, the price of this will be raised after the first day of March next.

For the convenience of travelling Englishmen all over the globe Mr. Austen Leigh has compiled a handy "List of Clubs Frequented by the English" (Spottiswoode & Co.), a directory that will be found a trustworthy companion for all tourists.

Among new editions we note the Rev. Dr. Jessopp's "Trials of a Country Parson" (Unwin); "Helps in Sickness and to Health," by Henry C. Burdett (Scientific Press); "English Men of Letters" series, Mr. A. W. Ward's "Chaucer," the late Dean Church's "Spenser," and Mr. Saintsbury's "Dryden," in one volume (Macmillan & Co.); "Biological Religion," by the late T. Campbell Finlayson, D.D. (Clarke & Co.); "Abraham Lincoln," by Noah Brooks (Putnam's Sons); and "Fallen Angels: a Disquisition on Human Existence" (Gay & Bird).

We have also received "The Student's Froebel," by W. H. Herford, B.A. Part II. (Isbister & Co.); "Reminiscences of Charles Seymour of Connaught," by A. Z. Seymour (Skeffington & Son); "The Patience of Two," by A. R. Buckland, M.A. (Church Monthly Office); "Amphill Towers," by A. J. Foster, M.A. (Nelson); "Clement and George," by Mrs. Marshall (Shaw & Co.); "Rosy Mite, or the Witch's Spell," by Vera Petrovna Jelihovsky (Truslove & Hanson); "Thought Fairies," by Helen Waters (Digby, Long, & Co.); "Old Chickweed," by E. A. Bland (Shaw & Co.); "The Magic Oak-Tree," by the late Lord Brabourne (Unwin); "Charlie Trench," by the Countess of Home (S. P. C. K.); "Pat, the Lighthouse Boy," by E. Everett-Green (Shaw & Co.); "Workers on their Industries" (Sonnenschein & Co.); Schiller's "Geisterseher," edited by the Rev. Charles Merk, with Notes and Introduction (Hachette & Co.); "Elementary Commercial Geography," by Hugh Robert Mill, D.Sc. (Macmillan & Co.), second edition, revised and enlarged; "A Short Historical Grammar of the German Language," by Albert J. W. Cerf, M.A. (William & Norgate); "The Winter's Tale" and "King John," two volumes of the pretty "Temple Shakespeare" (Dent & Co.), with Prefaces and Glossaries, by Israel Gollancz; "Twelfth Night," edited by A. W. Verity, M.A. (Cambridge: at the University Press), a volume of the excellent "Pitt Press Shakespeare" for school use; "The Religions of the World," by G. M. Grant, D.D. (A. & C. Black); a "Guild Text-book," intended for the use of guilds and Bible-classes; "Associations and other Papers," by M. E. Townsend (Wells Gardner & Co.); a series of well-written articles on the Girl's

Friendly Society, its aims and work; "House Decoration," by Paul N. Hasluck (Cassell & Co.), a sound little hand-book on painting, whitewashing, paperhanging, &c.; "The Vaccination Dilemma," by Dr. E. Haughton (Digby & Long), second edition; "The Still House of O'Darrow," by Irving Bacheller (Cassell & Co.); "The Artificial Mother," by G. H. P. (Putnam's Sons); "The Port of Manchester," an article on the Manchester Ship Canal, reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian*, with maps and statistics; *The Bookseller*, No. 445; *Book News* for December (Philadelphia: Wanamaker), with reviews and illustrations; "English Orders; whence obtained," by the Rev. J. Bainbridge Smith, M.A. (Skeffington); "A Kalendar of the English Church for 1895" (Church Printing Company), a useful and well-arranged book for reference; and "The Catholic Directory for 1895" (Burns & Oates), the fifty-eighth annual issue.

The Index to Vol. 78 will be issued with our next Number. Advertisements intended for this Supplement should be sent as early as possible.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & CO., 14 COCKSPUR STREET; to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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